THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

APRIL 1807.

THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AMONG our living Dramatic Writers Mr. MORTON ranks so deservedly high, that we have taken the earliest opportunity of giving his Portrait a place in our *Cabinet*, and of accompanying it with a few brief, but authentic, particulars respecting the original.

Thomas Morton, Esq. is a native of Durham: he lost his father in his infancy, but the parental duties were affectionately undertaken, and conscientiously fulfilled, by his uncle Mr. Maddison, the stock-broker. He was educated at Soho, under Dr. Barrow, and had for his school-fellow Mr. Holman, who, as well as himself, felt a strong attachment to the drama, encouraged and increased no doubt by the applause which attended their performance in the plays occasionally exhibited in that seminary. The partiality thus early acquired could not be shaken off, for though Mr. Holman went to college to prepare himself for the clerical habit, and Morton was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and placed under Mr. Hart of the Temple, to study Coke upon Littleton, both these gentlemen very soon relinquished all thoughts of the *mitre* and the *woolsack*, for honours more congenial with their inclinations, and no doubt considerably more within their reach. That they did not leave the *substance*, however, for the *shadow*, has been sufficiently proved; for as an *actor*, if not first, Mr. Holman stands in the very first rank; and, as a writer of plays, Mr. Morton may contest the palm with the proudest of his competitors.

His friend Reynolds, who, like himself, had turned his back upon the law, had succeeded eminently as a *Dramatist.* In one of the whimsical comedies of this gentleman, we believe *Notoriety*, Morton ventured a *Song*, which Johnstone, in an Irishman whose brogue was inoculated with French, sung with infinite humour and effect. This was his *trial of skill.* His next piece was *Columbus*, which proved extremely attractive. Mr. Thelwall, the Lecturer, had sent to Mr. Harris, some months before the representation of Mr. Morton's piece, an opera called the *Incas of Peru*, and taxed the author with having "copied from it, in many places, scene after scene, and incident after incident." This resemblance might well have happened, for *Marmontel* was the original from which both pieces were derived. Similar charges are frequently made, but seldom substantiated. Mr. Morton has as much and more reason to apply to Drury-lane for half the emoluments which accrued from the exhibition of *Pizarro*, because he had dramatized the Loves of *Alonzo and Cora* before Baron von Kotzebue.

The *Children in the Wood* appeared at the Haymarket. It is one of the most simple, pathetic, and interesting little dramas which our stage can boast, and will probably always be as popular as the ballad from which it is taken.

We think *Zorinski* followed next. He was now accused, not of robbing the living but the dead. It was said that he had borrowed a great portion of his play from *Gustavus Vasa;* but this charge was equally groundless with the former. The few points of resemblance are of a very general nature, and appear to have been merely accidental. We have seen a recent imitation of Mr. Brooke's tragedy, in the *Hero of the North*, by Mr. Dimond, which passed without reprehension and almost without notice.

Mr. Morton's other pieces have been produced in the following succession: *The Way to get married* was first acted on the 10th of Jan. 1795; the *Cure for the Heart Ache* on the 10th of Jan. 1797; *Secrets worth knowing* on the 11th of Jan. 1796; *Speed the Plough* on the 8th of Feb. 1800; and *The School of Reform* in Jan. 1805. The *Town and Country*, now in the height of its attraction, is noticed in a subsequent page of this number.

It has been Mr. Morton's good fortune to be almost uniformly successful in his dramatic attempts. The only piece which has not been favourably received, was produced at the Haymarket, under the title of *Beggar my Neighbour*.

The death of Mr. Maddison, which occurred a few years back, put Mr. Morton into possession of a handsome independence; and it has been hinted, that, in drawing the character of *Cosey*, in his new comedy, he had his respectable relation in remembrance, who was well known to possess a feeling heart, and to delight in benevolent actions.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

FIRST WIFE TO HENRY THE FOURTH.

When Charles the Ninth gave his sister in marriage to Henry the Fourth, he said, "*J' ai donné ma soeur en mariage à tous les Huguenots de mon Royaume.*" She soon began to live upon ill terms with her husband, and was confined in one of the fortresses of Navarre. She thus forcibly describes the effect of solitude upon her mind;

"I received these two advantages from my misfortunes and my confinement: I acquired a taste for reading, and I gave into devotion; two things for which I never should have had the least taste, had I remained amidst the pomps and the vanities of the world. For these advantages I am perhaps not so much indebted to fortune as to Providence, who had the goodness to engage for me two such powerful remedies against the evils which were to happen to me in future. Sorrow, contrary to gaiety, which carries our thoughts and our actions out of ourselves, makes the mind rally within itself, exert all its powers to reject the evil, and to seek after the good, in hope to find out that sovereign and supreme good, which is the readiest way to bring itself to the knowledge and love of the Deity."

The Memoirs of Marguerite are very entertaining. The translation of Plutarch's Lives by Amyot was a very favourite book with her in her confinement, and she appears to have transfused into her Memoirs that *naiveté & vieux Gaulois* which we admire so much in his style.

Marguerite, who understood Latin, on seeing a poor man lying upon a dunghill, exclaimed,

Pauper ubique jacet,

In any place, in any bed,
The poor man rests his weary head.

The man, to her astonishment, replied,

In thalamis hâc nocte tuis Regina, jacerem,
Si verum, hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.

Ah, beauteous Queen, were this but true,
This night I would repose with you.

Marguerite ill-humouredly retorted:

Carceris in tenebris plorans hâc nocte faceres,
Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.

If this were true, thou wretched wight,
A Gaol should be thy bed to night;
Where stripes and fetters, whips and pain,
Thy tongue's strange licence should restrain.

Marguerite was divorced from Henry on his accession to the throne of France, and led up Mary de Medicis, his second wife, to the altar at St. Denis to be crowned. She was extremely charitable to the poor, and liberal to scholars and men of talents. Her palace at Paris was the rendezvous of the *beaux esprits* of that Capital. She was beautiful in her person, very fascinating in her manners, and danced with such peculiar grace, that the celebrated Don John of Austria went *incognito* from Brussels to Paris to see her dance.

Beside Memoirs of her Life, which are imperfect, she wrote some Poems. In the former she thus describes what passed in her bedchamber on the morning of St. Bartholomew:

"My husband rose early in the morning to play at tennis, before he should see the King. He and his Gentleman left me. I, perceiving that it was day, and supposing that the danger which my sister had predicted to me was over, overcome by watchfulness, told my old nurse to shut the door of the room, that I might sleep more at my ease. About an hour afterwards, I was awakened out of a very profound sleep by hearing the door knocked at very loudly, and by hearing a man cry out, *Navarre! Navarre!* My nurse, thinking that it was the King my husband, who wished to come in, ran to the door and opened it immediately, The person,

however, that knocked thus violently, was a Monsieur de Tejan, who was wounded in the elbow with a sword, and had likewise another wound in the arm with a halbert; and who was closely pursued by three dragoons, who all of them together forced themselves into the room. Tejan, anxious to save his life, threw himself upon my bed. I, perceiving myself held down by him, threw myself upon the side of the bed, and he after me, taking hold of my waist. I had not the least acquaintance with him, and in my fright did not know whether the soldiers intended mischief to him or to myself. At last, however, it pleased God that Monsieur de Nancey, Captain of the King's Guards came in to us, who, finding me in this situation (although he was a man of great humanity), could not refrain from laughter; and storming at the soldiers for their insolent intrusion, sent them away, and granted me the life of the poor man, who still held by me. I afterwards ordered his wounds to be dressed, and himself put to bed in my closet till he was recovered.

When I had changed my shift (which was covered with blood), M. de Nancey told me what had happened, and informed me that the King my husband was with the King my brother in his apartment, and that not a hair of his head would be touched. Then making me throw my night-gown over me, he conducted me to the room of my sister the Duchess of Lorraine, and which I entered more dead than alive. As I was passing through the anti-room (the doors of which were all open), I saw a Gentleman of the name of Bourse, in endeavouring to escape some soldiers that were pursuing him, fall down dead nearly at my feet, run through with a halbert. I fell down at no great distance from him on the other side, in a swoon, into the arms of Monsieur de Nancey, firmly persuaded that the same thrust of the halbert had run us both through. Recovering, however, I made the best of my way to my sister's bed-chamber, where I found M. de Meossins, first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King my husband, and Armagnac, his first Valet-de-chambre, who came running up to me, desiring me to save their lives. I then hastened to pay my respects to the King and Queen; when, falling upon my knees, I requested them to spare the lives of these Gentlemen; with which request at last they complied."

TIMELY INTERCESSION.

TWO instances are recorded, in which an effectual appeal was made; in one case to the fears, and in another to the religious prejudices of conquerors, who had never before shewn any propensity to feeling or humanity.

Yet on these occasions, their extravagant fury was arrested, by the cool expostulation, admirable presence of mind, and well-timed dexterity of individuals, neither exalted by rank, nor eminent for intellectual abilities; individuals, whom, in any other point of view, they would have crushed as worms beneath their feet.

The first was soon after the conquest of China, by Zingis, who, enraged by some real or imaginary opposition to his ferocious despotism, issued an order for exterminating, by an indiscriminate massacre, the whole of the miserable natives, men, women, and children.

The murder of millions was already on the threshold of perpetration, when Yelutchousay, an honest and intrepid Mandarin, who possessing (what honest men frequently despise, and will not always exert) the valuable art of adapting himself to the circumstances, and necessity of the times in which he lived, without forfeiting his integrity; this worthy, and what is of more importance, this *useful* man, rushed into the presence of the haughty and exasperated Khan.

Having acted as interpreter, and being a favourite; in an erect attitude, and elevated voice, he thus addressed the conqueror: "Is it thy intention to destroy thy faithful Tartars, as well as the Chinese?" "Should the hair of the head of a single Tartar be injured," replied Zingis, "I will desolate the face of the earth." "Then recall the order thou hast given," said the Mandarin; "for the utter destruction of both nations will be the inevitable consequence of its being carried into execution."

"Dost thou mean, by the resistance the Chinese will make?" said the Khan, with a mixture of indignation and contempt; "Know, rash man, that I condemn thy menace, as much as I despise their power: they *have* fled, and *will* fly before my hardy bands, as sheep from the tyger, or as dust dissipated by the northern blast." "I entertained no such thought," said the Chinese, "and after hearing what I have to say, thou wilt be at liberty to follow thy own inclinations; but of this thou

mayest rest assured, that if thy commands be literally executed, pestilence and famine will soon destroy thy troops.

"Who can, or who will inter so many millions of dead bodies, which if unburied, will infect the air you breathe?

"Another object, is also worthy of thy consideration; the indiscriminate destruction proposed, will not leave a single artisan, or a single slave, to administer to the comforts, to sharpen the weapons, or to till the ground for their Tartar lords.

"But *should* a few of the miserable natives he spared from the general havoc, by policy or by interest, who can insure thee and the companions of thy conquest, from the secret conspiracies, the midnight dagger, and the poisoned bowl of the survivors?

"I appeal to thy own sense and feelings, if it is possible for any human creature to serve with complacency or attachment, the assassin of a parent, a brother, or a child? It is contrary to nature, and to reason; whatever may be their professions, blood for blood, the erosions of cruelty, and revenge, the most fascinating and most inextinguishable of all our crimes, will lurk in the secret recesses of their hearts.

"I therefore pray," concluded the excellent Yelutchousay, conscious of the impression he had made, and the strong ground on which he stood, "I humbly pray, that the rebellious and guilty may be severely punished, but that the industrious citizen, the inoffensive rustic, the hardy labourer, their wives and their children, may continue to serve thee unmolested: *that Zingis and his faithful Tartars may live likewise.*" The conqueror listened, with attentive obedience, to his pacific counsel, and instantly recalled the savage mandate he had issued.

The second example of influence happily exerted, was during the predatory expedition of Nadir Sha, into Hindostan, in the middle of the eighteenth century. As soon as the merciless tyrant entered Delhi, he ordered every gate in the city to be shut, and closely guarded; and it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that no one should enter, or go forth, on pain of death.

The provisions within the walls being inadequate to daily consumption, famine was speedily the consequence of this severe decree; and the unfeeling monster saw thousands perishing from hunger, or devouring sub-

stances at which nature revolts, without pity or regret.

Surrounded by death, in its most hideous and agonizing forms, and with the shrieks and groans of starving wretches assailing his ears, he directed martial music to be constantly played, and indulged himself with apparent unconcern, in the pleasures of the table; aggravating injury by insult, he ordered the theatre to be magnificently illuminated, and a play to be performed for his amusement.

At this musical and dramatic exhibition, Tucki, an actor and a singer, pleased the barbarian so much, that he exclaimed in his transports, he would grant the player any favour he should ask, confirming his declaration with a solemn oath.

The hero of the piece, who amidst all the assumed gaiety and splendor of an oriental drama, strongly felt for, and warmly sympathized with the sorrows of his countrymen, instantly prostrated himself before Nadir, and taking a fair advantage of his voluntary offer, immediately said: "Command, O king, that the gates of the city may be opened."

The cruel invader, thus surprised into an act of humanity, paused for a moment, but recollecting his oath, and uniting superstition with enormity, he granted the prayer of Tucki, but retired frowning and disappointed to the palace.

A similar appeal was made in the reign of King Henry the eighth, King of England, by William Sommers, the court bufloon.

MOLÉ,

PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

DE RETZ says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to this great magistrate. In the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man presented a dagger to his breast, threatening him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree proposed in the parliament, which M. Molé thought prejudicial to his country, "Know, my friend," said he, looking sternly at him, "that the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assassin to the heart of an honest man."

SUGGESTIONS ON THE ART OF READING POETRY, AND ESPECIALLY THE POETRY OF MILTON.

(Resumed from Page 12.)

Beside the due regard to all the different forms of speech I have mentioned, it is essential to just elocution that we comprehend, previously, the full meaning and scope of every period; and the relative force and implication of the various sentences and words, of which it is composed; and clearly distinguish between the substance or trunk of the discourse, and the circumstances or branches of it: thus, in the opening of Paradise Lost, the first period is prolonged to the middle of the tenth line, but the substance is all contained within two lines and a half:

> " ——— Heavenly muse, sing
> " Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> " Of the forbidden tree———with loss of Eden."

The invocation, the injunction, and the subject are all comprised here; and the just and natural pronunciation of these words, as they stand, will furnish the key for delivering them in combination with the rest, which are to be uttered in a different manner; in somewhat a lower tone, and in time less slow and solemn:

> " Of man's first disobedience," &c.

The second period, which is partly vocative, and partly declarative, and ought to be read with suitable variation, goes into the seventh line:

> " Or if Sion hill
> " Delight thee more, or Siloa's brook," &c.

but, stripped of circumstances, it does not much exceed two lines:

> " If Sion hill,
> " And Siloa's brook, delight thee more, I thence
> " Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song."

The third period, which is highly animated and energetic, comprises ten whole lines:

> " And chiefly thou, O spirit," &c.

The subject of this, which is, barely, invocation

and injunction, lies in a narrow compass, and the natural utterance of it, as before suggested, will give the key for pronouncing the whole passage :

" And chiefly thou, O spirit," &c.

The next period advances to the middle of the seventeenth line:

" Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy sight," &c.

but all of it is compressible into about five lines, which must regulate the tone and manner of delivering the rest :

" Say first,——what cause mov'd our grand parents——to fall off
" From their allegiance, and transgress his will?——
" Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
" Th' infernal serpent, he it was whose guile——
" Deceiv'd the mother of mankind."

The lines next following rise to great animation, and so thoroughly maintain it, that no sentence can well be detached, or stand aloof, as not being a portion of the substance itself :

" Him th' Almighty power," &c.

The sublime description that succeeds this, comprehending within one period nine lines, is, likewise, so unabatingly fervid, as to admit of no compression :

" Nine times the space," &c.

Nothing, perhaps, in the form of description, was ever equal to what follows, or approached so nearly, or possessed so largely, the virtue of what is called the Dramatic Style :

" At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
" The dismal situation," &c.

From the eleven lines of which this glowing period is formed, I do not perceive that any thing is separable, except a short parenthesis ; but the passage excites a different enquiry, respecting the construction and meaning of a part of it :

" A dungeon horrible on all sides round
" As one great furnace flam'd ; yet from those flames
" No light, but rather, darkness visible
" Serv'd only to discover sights of woe," &c.

" No light" is, I apprehend, elliptical ; no light *issued* or *was apparent* ; and " darkness visible" the

nominative case to " serv'd only to discover." The next passage which is referential, or retrospective, is likewise so compact as not to admit of detachment :

" Such place eternal justice had prepared," &c.

The period succeeding this contains nine lines :

" O how unlike the place from whence they fell," &c.

The first verse, is removable, as an apostrophe, and the substance and key-tone of the rest, is this,

" There the companions of his fall——
" He soon discerns and——one——nam'd Beelzebub
" ——to whom th' arch enemy——thus began."

If I did not deprecate, with religious dread, the alteration of any word which Milton had inserted or suffered to stand in his work, I should wish to read in the second line, instead of " there " " here " which seems to accord better with the sense and spirit of the verb " discerns " and to denote, in a clearer manner, the opposition intended between the infernal and the heavenly scenes :

" O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
" *Here* the companions of his fall
" He soon discerns," &c.

Satan's speech to Beelzebub, extending to forty-one lines, abounds with transitions ; yet but little of it is circumstantial, or can be withdrawn :

" If thou be'st he——but O how fall'n," &c.

The substance, in this period, so much exceeds what is adventitious, that it may be more commodious, for distinction, to detach the latter than to repeat the former : these appear to be the only passages that can be withdrawn.

" ——but O how fall'n! how chang'd from him!
" Cloth'd with transcendent brightness——
" Tho' chang'd in outward lustre——
" ——from sense of injured merit——
" And what is else not to be overcome ? *

The next period comprehending seventeen lines, partly narrative and partly descriptive, besides the

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* It will probably be deem'd fastidious or impertinent to point at the obsolete inaccuracy of using *be* instead of *am*, *is*, or *are* ; but

general difference already noted between the main substance and that which emanates from it, contains a simile, and an episodic disgression, all requiring distinct modes of utterance:

" Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate," &c.

The independent part of all this is contained in about five lines and a half:

" Thus Satan ———
" With head uplift above the waves, and eyes
" That blaz'd: his other parts beside
" Prone on the flood———
" Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
" As——Briareos or Typhon——or that sea beast
" Leviathan.——

The twelve lines succeeding cannot be reduced:

" So stretch'd out huge in length," &c.

The next passage which is chiefly description of the most vivid sort, extends to sixteen lines and a half, comprising a long parenthesis, and a simile in that parenthesis.

" Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
" His mighty stature," &c.

The commencement of Satan's speech upon his al-

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the particle *if*, is, even to this day, continually misleading our writers to confound the indicative with the subjunctive mood, as though the word were the peculiar sign of the latter, whereas, that is only the case when a doubt or condition is implied, and where *if* cannot be superseded by *since*, *as*, *it being that*, &c. "If thou be'st" is not, properly, either subjunctive or indicative, but a corruption of both moods. The sense, here, is, certainly, indicative. "If (i. e. since, or, or seeing that) thou *art* he.

But the construction, in the foregoing part of this speech is, perhaps, questionable:—I conceive it to be this elliptically

" If thou be'st he———
———" who in the happy realms of light
———" did'st outshine
" Myriads though bright, if he whom mutual league
" United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
" And hazard, in the glorious enterprize,
" Join'd with me, once (and whom) now, misery hath join'd
" In equal ruin———

but it may be parenthetically, in the last words

" Join'd with me, once (now misery hath join'd *us*)" &c.

tered condition, before the words which, in point of order, should lead to it, is highly animated; and those very words which, put introductorily, would be tame and prosaic, give exquisite grace and pathos to the passage:

" Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?
" Said then the lost archangel———

What follows the speech of Beelzebub, until the call of Satan on his Host, is description of the noblest kind, with two luxuriant similes, which may perhaps be censured by such critics as are more prone to detect what they call irregularities, than to acknowledge or perceive true beauties:

" He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend," &c.

Speeches of the dramatic cast, are in their nature more free from extraneousness than any other, and the following address of Satan's cannot be compressed:

" Princes, potentates," &c.

The effect of this speech upon the legions, is expressed in the most lively manner; though of twenty-five lines only twelve are essential, all the rest being simile three times varied with the boldest yet most appropriate images:

" They heard and were abashed," &c.

Should the rules which I have ventured to propose for just recitation be deemed explicit, it will be needless to urge them any further, and therefore for the present I shall conclude.

EDWARD HICKEY SEYMOUR.

A SIMPLE STORY.

OF the following little history, the only fictitious and consequently untrue circumstance, is the name of its misguided heroine; the rest is " A Tale, alas! too true."

Jane Smith being left an orphan at an early age, was tenderly brought up, and decently educated, by an uncle and aunt in the town of C....., who being childless, adopted her as their own; every domestic virtue was

taught her by their precept and example. They were intimate, and much respected friends of mine; I feel a tear trembling in my eye as I write; for when Jane reached her seventeenth year, these worthy people, within a few weeks of each other, sunk into the grave, leaving her, and a small property they bequeathed her, to the guardianship of a friend. Previous to this, Jane had been placed with a respectable mantua-maker in the town where she resided, for instruction; with whom she continued till she was eighteen, and then by her own wish, and in compliance with the desire of some of her friends, she was placed with *a fashionable dress-maker*, &c. in St.....Street, London, there to remain two years *for improvement*; her guardian giving with her a premium of fifty guineas: very unfortunately, the house she was placed in, was one of *the first order* in that line; yet, alas! her *improvement* was retrograde, even as to her business; for at the expiration of the two years, I have great reason to believe she knew less of it than when she arrived in town; whilst her *morals* were —— but this my narrative will best explain.

In about a twelvemonth after her coming to London, she had formed several acquaintances, both male and female, whose contaminating principles sapped the weak mind of Jane, whilst the *dashing lady* to whose *care* she was confided, took no pains at all to prevent whatever might be the result of her forming such connections.

Jane was possessed of a good figure, and a tolerably pretty face; of course from the male sex she met with flattering attentions, and by them was she conducted to the worst of every frivolous amusement; where vice, gilding her fiend-like form with the flowery robe of pleasure, lost half of her horrors. Thus was the unsuspecting Jane led, by almost imperceptible steps, from the path of rectitude, till, at the end of the two years, instead of returning to her guardian, she went off with a young man, whom she had for some time been acquainted with, but whom *she actually knew* to have been married only *five weeks* to an amiable young woman. My readers will without doubt be astonished at the excessive depravity of this wretch, and the strange infatuation of poor Jane; their astonishment will be natural, but the circumstance is nevertheless true.

In a secluded lodging at Islington, she remained, passing as the wife of this man under a feigned name,

for several months ; till he became tired of Jane, whom he then most cruelly deserted, and left to her fate. This was a trying situation for so young a woman to be placed in ; she was almost on the verge of madness ; many, I fear, would have fled to prostitution for support, rather than have sought the protection of a guardian, whom they could not in such a case meet, but with the burning blush of shame : too many, alas ! have done so, under similar circumstances, but fortunately for Jane, virtue predominated, and in the bitter language of repentance she wrote to her guardian, who received her again with the tenderness of a parent ; screened her crime from the malicious ear of envy, and brought back her distracted mind to gentleness and peace. When she became of age, she received her small property ; and soon after an opportunity offered of her accompanying a family to America ; whither she went, and where she is now comfortably married.

My intention being merely to relate the truth, I have not studied my language, nor endeavoured to make this a long story, but rather " a plain unvarnished tale." Should it fall under the eye of a country parent, who is about to send a beloved daughter to London for *improvement*, let it make him cautious *with whom* he places her ; and if it meets the enquiring gaze of any fair female, who is already placed out ; let it be to her a caution to be wary in forming connections in so immense a metropolis as London : for although,

" Vice to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

still it too often happens, that she wears to an inexperienced eye, the graceful garb of virtue ; the more surely to plunge her victim into deep and irremediable destruction. Should this Simple Story be perused by any *careless mistress*, who has the charge of female virtue given to her ; I hope and trust it may awaken her to a better discharge of her duty : but of its having any effect on the libertine's soul, I much despair ; he is generally too deeply immerged in vice, to attend to the whisperings of remorse, or virtue, till the power to sin is no more ; then will he, perhaps when it is too late, hope to extenuate by repentance the heinousness of his crimes. Awful must be the conflict of mind in such a moment ; the very reflection is peculiarly solemn, and reads a " Tale of Terror " to the Soul !

March 5, 1807. J. M. L.

HANDEL's MESSIAH.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

THE Works of Handel have been always held in such universal and deserved estimation, that nothing new can be said in their commendation. The stile of his oratorios, in particular, is so suited to the taste of the English nation, that they continue to be performed year after year with, if possible, increased admiration, and heard with fresh delight. They are so perfect, so complete, and contain so excellent an adaptation of sound to sense, and each part and portion, exquisite in itself, at the same time combines so well to add to, and heighten, the grand and sublime effect of the whole, that for a long time after their author's death, it would have been considered a kind of sacrilege to have attempted any alteration in them. I am sorry that the reverence which the name of Handel ought to inspire, has not operated to prevent the introduction and partial adoption of a new method of performing the sublimest of his productions. I need hardly to add that I mean THE MESSIAH. On the judicious selection of the words of this Oratorio, and on the unrivalled excellence of the music, it is needless here to say any thing. THE MESSIAH is confessedly the first production of the first of musicians, and in fact almost the only oratorio now performed entire. On the modern patch-work method of selection-making I could say much, but it is foreign from my present design, which is to censure the adoption of those instrumental parts which Mozart had the want of taste and judgment to adapt to the *Messiah*. That Mozart should fail in his attempt is not strange, since it is not very likely that any one would succeed; besides, it is a well known fact that foreigners in general do not understand or enjoy Handel's style of composition, and that Mozart did not, is evident from an overture of his, written, as he says, but as nobody else would say, in the style of Handel.

THE MESSIAH is, more than any other, a *singing* Oratorio. Handel has made, throughout, the vocal parts the leading features of the piece. The attention of the hearer is not divided between the singer and the accompaniment, but is fixed solely and entirely on the

voice. That this is not always the case, is apparent from a slight inspection of his other productions. In Judas Maccabeus for instance, one song has an obligato accompaniment for the violoncello, another for the oboe, a third for the trumpet, a fourth for the flute, and so on; but in the MESSIAH, one air only has an obligato accompaniment, and the reason there is sufficiently obvious. It cannot for a moment be supposed that Handel was incapable of varying the instrumental parts of his songs; his other works abundantly prove his excellent and universal knowledge of instrumental effect. Or is the Messiah in its original form tedious and monotonous? I think no one who has ever heard it even decently performed, will answer in the affirmative. Handel felt the solemnity and the grandeur of his subject, and it was doubtless this feeling which suggested to him the impropriety of tricking out the impressive words of the Scriptures, with light and frivolous accompaniments. His whole attention throughout the piece, is directed to give such an adaptation of sound to the words, as shall convey in the most striking and forcible manner their full sense and meaning. How far he has succeeded let those judge who have heard *Mara* in "I know that my Redeemer," or "He shall feed his flock," *Harrison* in "Comfort ye," and *Meredith* or *Bartleman* in "But who may abide," or "The trumpet shall sound." Whether Handel has adapted his instrumental parts to his chorusses judiciously, let those determine who remember the effect produced by the drums and trumpets in the Hallelujah chorus at the Abbey, in the year 1784, an effect which can be conceived only by those who heard and felt it, but which is entirely lost by the absurd introduction of those instruments into "For unto us," which is rather a pleasing than a grand chorus. With respect to Mozart's accompaniments to the songs, I shall only say of them in general, that they are calculated to bewilder rather than assist the singer, and to distract, rather than to fix the attention of the audience. Really, Sir, I have not common patience, when I hear a parcel of fellows flourishing and figuring away in the midst of Handel's sublime and devotional airs, upon their flutes, their clarionets, their bassoons and their oboes, or stunning the ears of an audience with the tremendous and discordant noise of their trombones and double bassoons, which they introduce in open defiance of musical taste or even common

sense. I could add much more on this subject, but lest you should think the garrulity of an old man, one who confesses himself to be "Laudator temporis acti," too tiresome, I shall conclude with signing myself

Your most obedient servant,

AN ADMIRER OF HANDEL.

THE ARTS.

No. II.

THE PROCESSION OF CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS TO CANTERBURY.

Painted by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R. A. and to be Engraved by Bromley.

He made the boke of *Caunterbury Tales*
Whan the pylgryms rode on pylgrymage
Throughout *Kent*, by hylles and by dales,
And all the stories told in their passage
Endited them full well in our langage. LIDGATE.

THE father of English poetry has received considerable attention from the present age. TYRWHITT has restored the text of his *Canterbury Tales* to its original purity, and accompanied it with "a glossary, notes, and illustrations, executed with method, acumen, and perspicuity, no where exceeded among allthe Commentators on books." WARTON'S observations are highly valuable. GODWIN has lately employed himself upon a *Life* of the illustrious poet, in which, if very little is added to the facts before recorded, much new and interesting information is afforded, and some ingenious conjectures are offered, respecting the manners, opinions, arts and literature of his age. Mr. STOTHARD, an artist whose talents have long withstood the ordeal of criticism, has now transferred all the characters of the *Canterbury Tales* to the canvas, and with so much justness, force and discrimination, that "we see all the pilgrims, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if we had supped with them at the Tabard, in Southwark." * It is the *ut pictura poesis* of Horace, in its most emphatic signification.

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* Dryden's Preface to his Fables.

This exquisite painting combines more variety of costume and character, than usually occurs in the productions of an individual: few minds possessing a fancy sufficiently creative to compose a subject so multifarious in its expression as the one before us. We know not, in an assemblage of so many personages of different designations, which most to admire, the appropriate grouping of the objects, the acute discrimination of multiplied characters, or the critical acumen observed in the decoration; forming together a climax of excellence, that must for ever establish the artist's reputation in this walk of art; and we are happy to say that the decisions of WEST, OPIE, HOPPNER, BEECHEY, and other distinguished members of the Royal Academy, are in strong confirmation of this opinion.

"The *general prologue*," as Mr. Neve has remarked, "is justly the most celebrated part of *Chaucer's* works. The acuteness of his observation, his judgment and discrimination of character are there alike conspicuous. Nor is it wonderful, that a mind, possessing much native humour, and enriched by long experience, and extensive information, should exhibit characters, such as are there found, with striking resemblance to nature and living manners." From this *prologue*, Mr. STOTHARD has taken his picture; but to afford a more complete idea of the whole, we shall quote the words of Mr. TYRWHITT. "Chaucer pretends, that intending to pay his devotions at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he set up his horse at the Tabard inn, in Southwark; that he found in the inn a number of pilgrims, who severally proposed the same journey; and that they all agreed to sup together, and to set out the next morning on the same party. The supper being finished, the landlord, a fellow of sense and drollery, conformable to his character and calling, makes them no disagreeable proposal, that, to divert them on their journey, each of them should be obliged to tell two stories, one going, the other coming back; and that whoever in the judgment of the company, should succeed best in this art of tale-telling, by way of recompence, at their return to his inn, should be entitled to a good supper at the common cost; which proposal assented to, he promises to be their governor and guide. At the entrance of the poem, the characters of all the pilgrims are distinctly drawn,

and a plan of the comedy, in which they stand for the *dramatis personæ*; and, to the honour of our author be it spoken, every part of his plan is performed with equal justice and spirit; and above all, the character of the host is most admirably kept up, and the same wit, spirit, and humour is preserved through the whole journey, that strikes and astonishes the reader so much at the very beginning, where the original character of this incomparable person is drawn at full length."

Introductory discourse.

The scene of the picture is laid in that part of the road to Canterbury, which commands a view of the Dulwich hills—the time, a beautiful and serene April morning. The interest of the procession is considerably heightened by the cheerfulness of the accompanying landscape. The pilgrims are grouped with a decorum suited to their respective characters, and in the order in which we may suppose Chaucer himself to have seen them, headed by the Miller, playing upon his pipe *(a)*, under the guidance of Harry Baillie, the host; who, as master of the ceremonies, is represented on horseback, standing in his stirrups, in the act of commanding attention to the proposal he is about to make of drawing lots to determine which of the company shall tell the first tale *(b)*. Near to him is a line of five characters—*the Knight (c)*; his Son, *the young Squire (d)*; *the*

(a) A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

(b) And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, [*promise*] and I it record.
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne [*proceed*],
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

(c) His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon, [*short cassock*]
Alle besmotred [*smutted*] with his habergeon, [*coat of mail*]

(d) With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.

Franklin (e), or Country Gentleman; *the Serjeant at Law (f)*, *the Merchant (g)*, and *the Doctor of Physic (h)*. The Squire is mounted on a white horse near the Knight, and betwixt these two figures is seen *the Reve (i)*. Close behind the Squire, his *Yeoman* advances *(k)*,

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Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver [*nimble*], and grete of strengthe.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.

(e) White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
An anelace [*a dagger at the girdle*] and a gipciere [*pouch*] all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.

(f) He rode but homely in a medlee [*of a mixed colour*] cote,
Girt with a seint [*girdle*] of silk, with barres [*stripes*] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

(g) A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His bootes clapsed [*clasped*] fayre and fetisly. [*neatly*]

(h) In sanguin [*blood-red colour*] and in perse [*a blueish gray*] he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle. [*thin silk*]

(i) The REVE was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee [*dappled*] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.

(k) And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes [*arrows*] bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed [*head like a nut*] hadde he, with a broune visage,
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.

habited in green. The front of the next groupe is also composed of five characters—*The Lady Abbess (l)*; *her Nun (m)*; *the Nun's Priest (m)*; *the Good Parson (n)*; and his Brother, *the Ploughman (o)*. The figures immediately behind the Lady Abbess are, *the Shipman (p)*; *the Oxford Scholar (q)*; *the Manciple (r)*; and

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Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler.
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

(l) Ful semely hire wimple [*neck covering*] ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis [*well-shaped*]; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly [*surely*] she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

(m) Another NONNE also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and PREESTES thre.

(n) A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.

(o) A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.

(p) He rode upon a rouncie, [*a hack*] as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las [*lace*] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.

(q) As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy, [*short coarse cloak*]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice.

Chaucer *(s)*. Next, mounted upon an ambling nag, approaches *the Wife of Bath (t)*, heading a groupe of four figures:—she is represented in brisk conversation with *the Monk (u)*, *and the Friar (v)*; behind them are the *Pardoner (w)*, dressed in blue, and his friend

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(r) A gentil Manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours [*caterers*] mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.

(s) ——What man art thou? quod he: [*the Host*]
Thou lokest as thou woldest find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

Prologue to Sire Thopas.

(t) Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.

(u) I saw his sleves purfiled [*worked at the edge*] at the hond
With gris, [*fur*] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

(v) Of double worsted was his semicope, [*short cloak*]
That round was as a belle out of the presse.

(w) This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons [*shreds*] on and on,
But hode for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,

the Sompnour (v), in white. The last groupe of this motley cavalcade, is composed of *the Goldsmith*, *the Weaver*, *the Dyer*, and *the Tapestry Merchant (y)*, all Citizens of London, *attended by their Cook (z)*; with these jolly pilgrims the procession closes.

We have quoted the characters below (with some *abridgement*) as they are delineated by Chaucer, as affording the means by which the best judgment of Mr. Stothard's merit may be formed. It is hardly too much praise to say that the Poet and the Painter stand almost on equal ground. We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy with which Chaucer's description is exhibited to the eye, and the congenial spirit with which the features and distinctions of each individual character are preserved amid the several groupings and combinations which, to form one striking picture of the whole, it was the artist's most difficult, but most successful labour to compose. The horses are

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Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle [*a miniature of our Saviour*] hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

(x) That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face.
With scalled [*scurfy*] browes blake, and pilled [*bald*] berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

(y) An HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked [*spruce*] was
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.

(z) A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale [*sweet cypress*].
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.

thirty in number. Chaucer particularizes only a few. Mr. Stothard has contrived to discriminate those of all the Pilgrims according to " th' estat, th' araie" and circumstances of their riders. The Miller's *Horse* is as much in character as the Miller himself.

The dresses have been adopted with the nicest fidelity from the best authorities; from the British Museum, and other public depositories of rare MSS; from monumental remains; from the authority of Chaucer himself; and from ancient illuminated manuscripts, painted in his time. The portrait of Chaucer is painted from that in the British Museum, done by Thomas Occleve, who was his scholar.

This admirable performance was suggested by a private person * who knew the peculiar qualification of the artist for this subject, and who is now the proprietor of the picture. So feebly do the rich and the noble patronize the ingenious HISTORICAL PAINTERS of this country.

The picture has a merit also beyond its excellence as a work of art. It will probably excite the public towards a perusal, and instil into their minds a relish, of the works of Chaucer, who is known only by *name* to many who pique themselves " and that highly " on their acquaintance with the English Poets.

FOREIGN MASTERS.

Mr. Christie commenced the Sale of Pictures for the season on the 7th February with a very choice and valuable collection of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, in the highest preservation. The leading picture of the collection was by RUBENS, viz.

The Return of Peace to the City of Antwerp. The latter is allegorically represented as a beautiful female embraced by Pallas, who has put sedition under her feet; in the distance a storm dispersing with young genii above. This picture is one of Rubens' happiest efforts, and replete with spirit and elegance, and must be considered as a chef d'œuvre of his powers in colouring. It was sold for 950 guineas.

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* Mr. Cromek, at whose house, No. 64, Newman Street, the Picture is to be seen, with Tickets.

C. Du Jardin.——A Cavalier watering his Horse at a Brook, during a halt from the chace; a youth with a brace of hounds; a goat attacked by a dog; and sheep browsing. Of all the small pictures in the same line, this bore away the palm; the distance a mountainous morning scene, remarkably clear and brilliant, and in the best preservation. (250 guineas.)

Ruysdael.——View of a river flowing through a hilly broken landscape; a groupe of figures in the foreground which are painted by Veraet of the French School. A sober, chaste, and grand performance. The water and the reflection of a fortress in it on the opposite hill, are equal to any attempt ever made in the art; a fine tone of colouring pervades the whole. (240 guineas.)

Schalken.——*Le Concert de Famille.* A picture well known among the Cognoscenti, which has been engraved by Wille. (230 guineas.)

Murillo.——*The Flegellation.* An upright picture of a most charming tone of colouring, finely drawn, with exquisite sensibility in the countenance of the persecuted saint; the figure in the act of tormenting, an admirable contrast to the sufferer; it is certainly in the grandest manner of this master (115 guineas.)

G. Vasari.——The Descent from the Cross, a picture that would do credit to the easel of Parmegiano. (17 guineas)

Adrian Ostade.——*An Interior*, with boors, drinking and listening to a man with a hurdy-gurdy, aad a boy playing on the fiddle; if this picture is not the very best performance of the master, it will ever rank as among the foremost of his works; the whole very spirited, and painted with great warmth. (105 guineas.)

A. Cuyp.——*A Cattle Piece.* Cows on the brink of a pond, peasants and children watching them; the time represented is a warm evening, the glow diffused over the whole picture is happily managed, and the animals are finely drawn. (80 guineas.)

De Heusch.——*A Mountainous Landscape* on the borders of a lake, with figures by Polemberg; a vast deal of freedom is shewn in the handling, the foliage loose and spirited, the figures truly classical. (80 guineas)

Netcher,——*A Morning Conversazione*, a cavalier playing on the guitar, and a lady holding fruit to a dog dancing. The finishing of the draperies in the finest style of the master; this picture is well known, and has a print engraved from it. (39 guineas)

Guercino.——*Samson and Dalilah*, an elegant composition, and possesses all the knowledge of this master, the effect bold, strong, and natural. (120 guineas)

Backhuysen.——*A Brisk Gale.* While viewing this picture the spectator may almost imagine he feels the sharpness of the breeze; it is certainly a first rate picture of the master; the delicacy of pencilling, and clearness throughout the whole, cannot be surpassed. (80 guineas)

Dominichino.——*Diana and Calista*, a cabinet picture (135 guineas)

De Hooge.——Two pictures in this collection. First, *The Mistress of a Family* descending a winding staircase and overhearing the intrigue of her domestics in a cellar; no master has combined the force of *chiaro scuro*, with the richness of De Hooge; this picture is esteemed one of his best productions. (80 guineas)

Second, Cradle Scene. (35 guineas)

ADRIAN OSTADE.——*An Exterior, with Boors smoaking*; a small cabinet picture. (30 guineas)

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Prince Hoare published on the 14th of March, the first number of a work to be continued weekly, under the Title of the ARTIST, to consist of a Series of Essays on Science and Art, written by men of eminent professional abilities, on topics relative to their respective studies, and by other persons peculiarly conversant with those subjects. In this number Mr. Hoare developes his plan. It is the design of *The Artist* to seek professional information on the subject of the liberal arts in the most distinguished sources of his country, and to present their recondite stores in a familiar garb to his readers. With these offerings he proposes to connect accounts of the modern improvements in science, and such observations on them as experience and equally appropriate study can best supply.

We announce this publication with the greatest pleasure. Authentic information on the points to be discussed is much wanted; and it would be difficult to find any where, an editor so perfectly competent to this useful undertaking as the ingenious and indefatigable Secretary for *Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy*.

The second number will contain Essays on Originality in Painting; on Imitators; and Collectors.

The ROYAL ACADEMY will receive the performances of artists and honorary exhibitors on the 3d and 4th of April only. The Rooms will be opened early in May.

The SOCIETY of ARTISTS *exhibiting Water-coloured Drawings*, have announced a further Exhibition.

The BRITISH INSTITUTION, has also re-opened its Gallery. Of the leading Pictures in this and in the British Gallery, we shall hereafter give some account.

FOOLS AND JESTERS.

FOOLS by profession, or (as they have sometimes been called) jesters, were formerly of great account. Cardinal Wolsey, in 1529, presented his to Henry VIII. as a token of grateful and affectionate regard; as did, Sir Thomas More his, upon resigning the seals in 1532, to the Lord Mayor of London and his successors in office*.

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* Herbert's Hist. of Henry.—Angeli was a *fool* of this sort in France. He had been a follower of the great Condé, and was given by him to the king; yet was far from wanting wit. He was once some time in company, before he began to play *the fool*: when, M. de Bautru (who was the wit of the court) entering, "I am glad,'

I have sometimes thought, that these objects of mirth, however strangely and unnaturally they became so, might yet be made subservient to good purposes among the *great*; among kings, ministers, and all who govern and bear influence with men. In the first place I would propose, that the term of *fool* be discarded, and that of *jester* only retained. *Fool* implies a person deficient in understanding; but natural deficiences and imperfections must never be made objects of mirth. Again, these *fools* in reality have not been such natural fools, as some have imagined: on the contrary, if they were not the wisest persons at court, which yet might sometimes admit a doubt, they have often been wiser, and known better what they were doing, than many who have laughed at them. The appellation of fools therefore is improperly applied to such.

Let me now set forth, what ideas I would include under the term *jester*; by whom, then, I do not mean a person, who is merely to raise a laugh, by doing absurd and ridiculous things: none of our kings have been so poorly attended, but who have abounded with servants qualified for this. By a *jester*, I mean one, who should mix *utile dulci*, the useful with the pleasant; who should instruct, at the same time that he diverts; and, if the freedom may be allowed me, who should make the king *wise* as well as *merry*.

For this purpose I would have him endowed with strong original powers, cultivated with letters, and thoroughly practised in the ways of men. Nor should his letters consist in a simple knowledge of languages, or in critical and philological matters; for these of themselves, though they excite admiration among the ignorant, yet leave the understanding as poor as they find it: but I would have them to consist of history, philosophy, and other branches of science and literature, which tend to

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says he, "you are come; I was afraid I should have been alone." *Menagiana.*—By his address in pleasing some, and in awing others, he made them all tributaries; and amassed so much money, that M. de Marigni said, "Of all the fools who had followed Monsieur the prince, Angeli was the only one who had made his fortune." *Ibid.*—Boileau's starved poet complains, that Angeli in preferment outstripped all competitors, of what merit soever:

Et l'Esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parviendra jamais au sort de l'Angeli. SAT. 1.

make men knowing in human nature and human life. Thus accomplished, a jester may not only be diverting, according to the original institution of his place, but useful also and instructing in a very superlative degree.

By profession, he is a manufacturer and dealer in apophthegms, proverbs, aphorisms, maxims, and *bons mots* of every kind: all which are not only highly calculated for wit and amusement, but (in the opinion of the wisest men) the most efficacious means of conveying knowledge. Seneca says, that "even rude and uncultivated minds are struck, as it were, with these short but weighty sentences, which anticipate all reasoning, by flashing truths upon them at once;" and he relates, that Agrippa, the minister of Augustus Cæsar, used to own himself much indebted to that of Sallust, *concordiâ parvæ res crescunt. discordiâ maximæ dilabuntur**: a pithy sentence indeed, and which the good people of old England would, at all times, do well to ponder. Plutarch drew up and digested a collection of apophthegms for Trajan, and Erasmus did the same for a German prince; in the dedication to whom, after observing how finely fitted these close and pointed sentences are for instruction, he adds, that they are "singularly accommodated to the situation and exigencies of a prince, who has not time to read Plato, Aristotle, and other voluminous writers upon government, laws, manners, &c."

Now with such instruments as these managed judiciously and with address, a jester may produce surprising effects: nay, Bayle has not scrupled to say, that "a sentence, taken from Livy or Tacitus, is capable of saving a nation, and perhaps has saved more than one†." It is very well known, that war, peace, and other important national events, have often originated in secret from very minute and (as would be thought) inadequate causes; while the reasons, publicly given out, have been merely ostensible. But a jester, such a one as I mean, is or may be often within the cabinet. He may therefore *instruct* his master, as I have said; but he may do more: he may also in some measure regulate and direct his passions, and greatly influence his political conduct,

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* Epist. 94.

† Project for a Dictionary.

while his apparent object shall be only to divert him. There was a jester among the household of Charles I. who was brought before the council, and with much solemnity discarded from court, for pointing his raillery at archbishop Laud; but many knowing ones have thought, that, if the king had discarded the archbishop instead of the jester, his affairs might have ended better than they did.

Dioclesian, a Roman emperor, made the difficulty of reigning well to consist chiefly in the difficulty of arriving at the real knowledge of affairs. "Four or five courtiers," said he, "form themselves into a cabal, and unite in their councils to deceive the emperor. They say what will please their master; who, being shut up in his palace, is a stranger to the truth, and forced to know only what they think fit to tell him*." Now the jester will be sure to prevent or dissipate all this darkness and obscurity: he will be a perpetual intelligencer to his master: he will daily and hourly laugh him into true ideas of persons and things, and lead him gradually to see them as they are†. Thus royalty will be guarded against many evils: it will not be misled by either flattery or abuse; but taught to lay the due stress, and no more, upon whatever shall be said for or against itself. These and innumerable other benefits will be obtained, and all in the way of mirth and pleasantry.

Upon the whole then, agreeably to my idea of a jester, many might be glad to see this personage re-established at court, and a proper stipend assigned to his office§. If he produce the effects I have specified, well

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* Vopiscus in Aureliano.

† This was what the famous *Carvalho* so much dreaded from the lively and witty Count *d' Obidos: Il craignoit,* says the historian, *que ses bons mots ne fissent à la fin quelque impression sur l' esprit du Monarque, & ne parvinssent peut-être à lui ouvrir les yeux.* Memoires de Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal. Tom. II. p. 35.

§ Yet a certain writer seems to think this in no wise necessary: "the last *jester* we had at court," says he, "was in the licentious reign of Charles II. Since that time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is full of patriots, who wish for nothing but the honours and wealth of their country; and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout, that there is nothing for a *jester* to make a *jest* of." Yorick's *Sentimental Journey.*

and good : and, let the worst happen that can, it will be only adding one more to those many places and pensions, which, being of no great use or ornament to the kingdom, must unavoidably create disaffection and complaint ; unless we could suppose the English of the same humour with the subjects of a duke of Savoy, who being asked " how they could bear their heavy " taxations ?" replied, *We are not so much offended with the duke for what he takes from us, as thankful to him for what he leaves us**.

THE CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

DO not start, Mr. CONDUCTOR, I allude to the change in the Political Cabinet; for in your's no alteration seems necessary, and I hope your administration will prove as lasting as its commencement is favourable. What is to become of us? All parties have been tried, and all have been found wanting. Since the French revolution, we have had a Pitt and Grenville Cabinet—A Pitt, Grenville and Burke Cabinet—An Addington Cabinet—A Pitt Cabinet again—Then the Pitts and the Addingtons, without the house of Temple, and the followers of Burke; and last the Grenvillites; the Foxites; the Addingtonians; and the Burkites; the *Tories*, the *New* WHIGS, the *Old* WHIGS—the *Doctors* and the *Alarmists*; all the parties and '*all the talents*' in the Country jumbled together. Now " ALL THE TALENTS " are suddenly sent adrift, and the nation is to be governed by *a thing of shreds and patches*, which was all the illustrious Pitt could bequeath to his country, except the memory of his great abilities, and spotless integrity. I tremble for the result.

On reading an account of the changes in the Cabinet in the year 1770, I lately met with the following particulars relative to the *sudden* death of Mr. YORKE, which as they have every appearance of authenticity, and present a specimen of the importunities, intrigues and family dissentions which have attended the party struggles for power in this country, I have transcribed for your use, should you think proper to insert them.

The Premier [the Duke of Grafton] had for some time been importuning Mr. Yorke to accept the seals, which he,

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* Lord Herbert's *Life*, p. 110. 1770. 4to.

fired with the principles of his noble family, had, with a spirit becoming his character, often disdainfully refused. But as no one was thought more adequate to the purposes of ministerial intrigues, no step was left unturned to bring him over. What could not be brought to bear with *him*, was effected through his *wife*; the Premier applied to her; she, the true sister of *arbitrary measures*, swelled with the thought of being the lady of almost the first subject in the kingdom, and anxious to have a peerage for her own son, as well as her son-in-law, (for that was to be the price of his accepting them,) took him in the soft hours of dalliance, the *mollia tempora fandi*, and *turned him to her purpose*. She went immediately to the Duke of Grafton, made him acquainted with it, and told him she was convinced if his Majesty would send for him, and ask it as a favour, he would no longer withstand. The thing was done, and he was sent for and closetted; the favour was asked, and the seals accepted.

On his return home, he called on his friend the Marquis of Rockingham, with whom he found Mr. Burke, and one or two of his old associates, who seemed pleased with the unexpected visit, but when he said "I have accepted the seals," it struck them with astonishment. They could not believe what they heard; but when they found it was too true, his friend, the Marquis, could hold no longer, and instantly addressed him thus; "Mr. Yorke, for I still hope to call you so, I once looked upon you as an *honest* man, inflexible to any mean thing, and as one who had no ambition but that of being instrumental to the good of society. Now I despise you. As Mr. Yorke, I was always happy to see you; as Chancellor never put your feet within my doors again." This spirited address was echoed by the whole company, and the Chancellor retired in disgrace. The Marquis immediately flew to Lord Hardwicke, the Chancellor's brother, told him the story, and urged him to go and insist on his immediate resignation, (for Mr. Yorke had great expectations from his brother;) Lord Hardwicke lost no time, but went to his house, and began with, "brother, what's this I hear? they tell me you have accepted the seals?"—"*I have.*" "Have? and are you not ashamed to own it? you have turned your back on those friends that have been the making of our family. What could induce you! honour? a *place refused* is

more honourable than one *accepted*. Peerage? you wanted none; *mine* will fall into *your* family. And as to money you have enough; if not, you should have shared with *me*." Mr. Yorke in his defence urged his Majesty's great importunity, but Lord Hardwicke interrupted him with "I'll have no replies—I come not to argue with the Chancellor, but to lay my injunctions on my brother. If you have any future expectations from either me or mine, go instantly resign." Mr. Yorke would fain have been excused, alleging he knew not what plea to make. "If you have no plea of your *own*," continued he, "go tell the King your *friends* will not let you keep them." In short he hurried him away, saying, he would wait his return.

The Chancellor went, talked the matter over with his Majesty, but could not bring himself to give them up. On his entering his house again, Lord Hardwicke eagerly called out: "tell me, may I now embrace you as my brother?" "I hope so," replied Mr. Yorke, "but the King would not accept my resignation." Then said Lord Hardwicke leaving him, "adieu for ever, thou meanest of men. I was once your sincerest *friend*, for the future consider me as your greatest *enemy*."

Loaded with reproach and shame, the upbraiding of his friends, and the aggravation of his wife, he could support himself no longer, but flung out of the room where they were together, with a cast of wildness in his eye, and ran immediately up stairs; his lady suspecting something that might not be right, instantly followed him, and was in his chamber almost as soon as he, but not time enough to prevent his cutting his throat with a knife, which he took out of his pocket as he was going up; he made an attempt also at cutting his wrists, but she interposed and prevented him. As soon as she saw him bleeding she rung the bell, and ordered her servant to fetch the first surgeon he could find; Mr. Langley of Gloucester-street was brought, and he sewed up the wound, which at that time did not appear mortal. But so determined was he on his own death, that some time after, he threw back his head and burst the stitches, which were again repaired. It was not long before several of the faculty were called in; he then seemed to have some little remorse for what he had done, and asked whether they thought he was out of danger; they replied he was, provided he kept himself quiet and did not

cough; however he could not avoid coughing, hurt himself some how or other, and on saturday evening * *died* in great agonies internally.

I fear I am encroaching upon the plan of your work, which I am aware is *anti-political*, but I cannot help lamenting that the administration of our public affairs should undergo these frequent changes. It is true that, guarded as our constitution is, a moderate share of talent, with honest intentions, is sufficient for the exercise of the functions of government; but when it is considered that ministers, before they go out of office, must provide for themselves and their dependents; that when they came in, many extravagant arrangements of their predecessors were set aside for others perhaps equally expensive, which will again be abandoned for new schemes and undertakings of an extensive nature; that the present ministers have but just acquired the necessary information to enable them to fulfil their official duties; and that a considerable time must elapse before their successors can see their way with sufficient clearness; that conditions will be demanded by those who may be invited to support the *new men* and the *new measures*, and that, weak as they are in numbers, rank and talent, those conditions must be complied with, at almost any rate;---That to these is likely to be added, from the strong opposition in parliament, the tumult, excesses, corruption and EXPENCE of another *General Election*, though some of the members returned at the last are scarcely seated. I say all these things considered, Mr. CONDUCTOR, we have no cause to rejoice, much to lament, and every thing to dread from a *change in the Cabinet*, at *this crisis*, in favour of *such successors*, and upon so AWFULLY-SERIOUS A QUESTION!

I am,

Sir, &c.

March 23. A BRITON.

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* He received the Seals on the previous Wednesday Evening, and died before his patent of Peerage was completed.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books. By the Rev. William Beloe, translator of Herodotus, &c. 8*vo.* 16*s. Rivingtons,* 1807.

Mr. Beloe's name ranks very high in the literary world. His acquaintance with books is very extensive, and his late situation at the British Museum, afforded the opportunity to a gentleman of his learning and diligence, of collecting the most ample and valuable materials for a work of this nature. We lament to call it his *late* situation; for no man was qualified to fill it more honourably; but a circumstance of a singular nature required his dismissal, and in his preface to these volumes, Mr. Beloe adverts to it in a manner that shews how deeply his feelings have been affected by the measure, though the *mens conscia recti* has sustained and consoled him under the heavy mortification he has endured.

"If ever there were a time when I might wish for the unclouded use of my faculties, and to be divested of all prejudice and passion, it would surely be the present. I am about to give an account of a work which was commenced under the most auspicious prospects, with the most favourable hopes of its successful and protracted continuation, with the best possible means to give it every aid of variety, with the opportunity of choice among almost infinite materials; and finally, with every thing I could possibly desire to cheer the present, and to animate me to future exertion.

"My situation at the conclusion of these two volumes is very different. But I hasten to give the following concise account of the matter."

Mr. Beloe then states the particulars of his appointment to the office of under librarian in the British Museum:

"How I conducted myself in this situation I may fairly challenge the most rigid investigation to determine. I appeal to my brother officers; I appeal to every one connected with that institution to decide; I appeal to that part of the public who knew and observed me in the execution of my office. I conceived it my dut[illegible],

and I felt it my delight, to assist and facilitate the researches of the learned, to gratify the ingenuous curiosity of strangers, and to exhibit, where the recommendation justified confidence, the sources of instruction and amusement which were committed to my care. But this I did not conceive to be sufficient; I thought that the public might not unreasonably expect more.

"As my office, therefore, confined me to the care and examination of printed books, I formed the determination of selecting such as were more extraordinary for their intrinsic value, or sought after for their rarity, and I undertook, from time to time, to give such a description of them and their contents, as might be interesting and useful both to the student and collector. I thought I should perform no unimportant office in communicating to the student the place where he might find what he wanted, and in representing to the collector the genuine marks by which he might ascertain the object of his curious pursuit.

"The Museum contains great treasures of this kind, and most particularly in old English literature, which had ever been a favourite branch of my occasional investigation, and which I knew, at this particular time, to be an object of very earnest research. Such was the foundation, and such the motive of my commencing the present undertaking. But on announcing my plan and design among my literary friends, I had the satisfaction of discovering that my ideas were generally approved, and I almost immediately received such countenance and assistance, that I was not only confirmed in my determination, but induced to believe that I should be able to produce a miscellaneous volume once in every year. I had the grateful opportunity of reversing the exclamation of Teucer in Sophocles.

Πολλοὶ μὲν ἐχθροὶ παῦρα δ' ὠφελήσιμοι.

"I had no discouragement, but every thing to stimulate me in persevering in my purpose."

Mr. Beloe here enumerates his obligations to the Marquis of Stafford; Mr. Todd; the Bishop of Rochester; Mr. Barnard, the King's librarian; Mr. Douce; the late Mr. Isaac Reed; Mr. Kemble; Mr. Malone; Mr. Chalmers; Mr. Watts, the librarian of Sion College; and Mr. Nares.

"Thus was I engaged, and with these resources and these aids, in an occupation, of all others, the most grateful to my taste, and most in conformity with my habits, when a dark and sudden tempest arose, which menaced my little bark with inevitable destruction. While I was basking in the sunshine of a fair fame, with the fond hope, and strong expectation, that I had only to draw my vessel on shore and suspend my votive tablet in the Muse's Temple, a whirlwind swept me to a gulph, where all but integrity must have foundered.

"Animus meminisse horret!"

A man was introduced at the Museum, with the sanction of the most respectable recommendation. I mention not his name—the wounds of his own conscience must be so severe a punishment, that I shall not increase his sufferings.

Satisfied with the credentials which he brought with him, and imposed upon by his frank, and seemingly honest manner, I received him in the progress of many attendances with unsuspecting confidence I believed, for why was I to distrust, the artful tale of what he had in view, and thought that I did no more than discharge my duty by promoting and facilitating its accomplishment.

He proved to be dishonest; he purloined valuable property which was in my custody, and it was thought that the good government of the institution required my dismissal.

I acquiesced in the decision, and retired with no murmurs of resentment, with no querulous expostulation; but with what anguish of mind, I leave those to determine who have experienced, or who can imagine what it is to have all their literary and domestic plans, in one unexpected moment, overthrown, and to exchange peace, competence, and a situation most congenial to their feelings and pursuits, for loss, anxiety, uncertainty; and above all, the dread of unmerited obloquy.

Such were, undoubtedly, my first sensations, but they have been since alleviated. Indeed, it was soon apparent, that not only my former friends and protectors still adhered to me, but that some of the most exalted, both in rank and character, among the trustees themselves, demonstrated the kindest sympathy, and expressed a willingness to confirm their professions of regard by substantial acts of friendship.

While, therefore, I am able to enumerate among those who have stood forth as my protectors, individuals of the most exalted rank; and not only exalted by their rank, but by their virtues; while I can reckon among my familiar friends, some of the first scholars of the country, with a long list of the most excellent and amiable characters in private life, I may, and indeed I do, with many a pang, regret what I have lost, yet I cannot be considered as one who has no worldly consolation. The cup which was administered to me had gall, indeed, at the top—I found hope, serenity, and peace of mind at the bottom.

This account of a transaction of which every body has heard a little, but very few any thing accurately, will be perused with interest not unmixed with emotion. It is no doubt right that those who are entrusted with the care of any department in an institution like the British Museum, should be accountable for injuries or losses sustained through a want of sufficient vigilance; and we know not that the trustees could have avoided adopting the unpleasant course they have taken. But it is impossible for any librarian to prevent evil-disposed persons from effecting their object, even if he had as many eyes as *Argus*, and the hundred hands of *Briareus*: and

his office must be exceedingly irksome to a delicate mind, if it is incumbent on him to exercise a constant inquisition over visitors whose characters are known to be respectable, and who bring in their hands a satisfactory recommendation.

But to return to the *anecdotes of literature*. From the word *anecdotes* some persons may be led to expect more amusement than these volumes will furnish. Mr. Beloe is aware of this, and begs that it may be remembered that he only pledged himself to give a description of such rare and curious books as might happen to fall in his way; with such occasional anecdotes of literature interspersed, as might occur to his recollection or reading. He pretends not to give elaborate observations of critical disquisitions, but merely to point out to collectors and curious students, books known to be rare, and, as such valuable. He has however so diversified the position, and the quality of his materials, that while the scholar need not turn away in disgust, the miscellaneous reader may find various sources of amusement.

To the *Black Letter* men, and the *collectors*, the work will afford a treat of the highest order. The information it contains is very extensive, and the contents abound with scarce and curious miscellanies. A few of the *anecdotes* shall be selected and given in a future number of the *Cabinet*.

The Christian Officer's complete Armour: containing Arguments in favour of a Divine Revelation. By Colonel A. Burn, of the Royal Marines; 2*d. ed.* 12*mo.* 4*s. Mathews and Leigh*, 1806.

All the great, and we need scarcely add the irrefragable arguments in support of christianity, are here collected and enforced, in a dialogue between two officers; one of them very seriously impressed with the importance of religion, the other a man of the world, who has paid but little attention to the subject, yet is not unwilling to satisfy some doubts which dwell upon his mind respecting the authenticity of the scriptures. The publication being intended for the use of the officers in the army and navy, the author has assumed a style and manner familiar to their profession; and provided those who have just sentiments of religion, and wish to retain them, with sufficient weapons to defend themselves against the

daily attacks of military deists and infidels, who are but too numerous in that line, and too succesful in gaining proselytes to their party.

We cordially recommend this little volume to persons of every degree and profession who have any scruples upon so important a subject. The dialogue is easy and natural, the style perspicuous, and the arguments conclusive and convincing.

The Poetical Register, and Repository of Fugitive Poetry, for 1805, 12*mo. Rivingtons*, 1806, 10*s.* 6*d.* 1807.

This is the fifth volume of a work which, besides its recommendation as an elegant Repository for the numerous Lyric Effusions that, in the course of a twelvemonth, find their way into the daily prints and other perishable publications, presents a variety of articles, not before published, of extraordinary merit. This will be readily believed, when we mention the names of Miss Seward, Mr. Park, Dr. Drennan, Rev. Mr. Boyd, Rev. J. Whitehouse, Rev. Dr. Stevens, Professor Richardson, Dr. Leyden, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Preston, Rev. Mr. Maurice, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Davenport, and others, as among the contributors. The *Original Poetry* of the present volume occupies upwards of 200 pages. We shall take the liberty of extracting the following article, of which, in addition to its poetical merit, the thought is original, and the point exceedingly happy.

THE COMPLAINT OF CORSICA.

Indignant Corsica, the world's disdain,
And hardly notic'd amid Europe's train,
Scorn'd early by a poet and a sage
Whose name * immortaliz'd the injurious page
Harshly dictated by an exile's * rage;
She who in modern times long groan'd the slave
Of Genoa, mistress of the ambient wave;
And from her hands, all impotent to hold,
Pass'd to a monarch's, for the dross of gold;
Rous'd by a series of successive wrongs,
Thus claim'd the justice, that to *states* belongs;
And at the foot of Jove's etherial throne,
Sued not in vain, in this undaunted tone.

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* Seneca.

" Look'st thou not down with equal eyes on all,
" Both men and states ; and see'st them rise and fall,
" Not by rude chance, nor left to fortune's hand,
" But by thy just and merciful command ?
" What then is Corsica, immortal Jove,
" That she partakes not thy paternal love ?
" Is there in all the dark decrees of fate
" No glory destined for so mean a state ?
" Sprung from *my* loins, is never man design'd
" To lord it universal o'er his kind ;
" To wash in Europe's blood my servile stains,
" And rivet France and Genoa with my chains ?
" O, from thy throne, amid the starry skies,
" Look down with juster and minuter eyes.
" Scorn'd, as I was, and as I am, oppressed,
" Let me find favour in my maker's breast :
" And bid thy thunder teach the unthinking states,
" Justice retributive on *kingdoms* waits."
She spoke : and Jove with eye reluctant saw
Her pray'r was good ; and that it must be law.
Then for the Book he call'd, in which are told
Things past, and things the future shall behold :
His firm hand traced a long career of fame
And o'er the page inscribed Napoleon's name.

Sc.

The Editor appears to possess the proper requisites for this useful undertaking : diligence, judgment, and taste. Collections of verses are easily formed, but to select good poetry it is almost necessary to be a good poet, an appellation, if we are not misinformed, which very justly belongs to the Editor of the *Poetical Register.*

The Pleasures of Human Life ; investigated cheerfully, elucidated satirically, promulgated explicitly, and discussed philosophically, in a dozen dissertations on Male, Female, and Neuter Pleasures. Interspersed with various Anecdotes, and expounded by numerous Annotations. By Hilaris Benevolus, and Co. Fellows of the London Literary Society of Lusorists. Embellished with five illustrative Etchings, and two Head-pieces. 12*mo.* 8*s. Longman, &c.* 1807.

One fool they say *makes many.* It may be said, likewise, that in these times, *one* BOOK *makes many.* Mr. Beresford's very ingenious and original publication bearing the title of the *Miseries of Human Life*, soon produced *More Miseries*, a little volume not inferior to its predecessor in point and vivacity : The *Comforts of*

Human Life followed next; its *Pleasures* are now exhibited, and a second volume of *Miseries*, by the author of the first, is said to be in the press. *Oh! jam satis!* many will exclaim; but this is a fine *book-making* age, and what is better for the trade, though not very fortunate for literature, there is no lack of purchasers.

The author of the present volume has assumed the firm of *Hilaris Benevolus*, and *Co.* but he deals more in satire than good humour, and notwithstanding his title-page, and the *merry face* he exhibits, furnishes little food for laughter. His aim has been to be witty, and he is often successful. But we grow somewhat tired, as we proceed, with the continual *effort* to be sprightly. It is the production, however, of no common pen. The writer (for the assertion that it is written by *several*, we consider to me merely *lusory*, or rather *illusory*,) is familiar with the several pursuits of literature, law, fashion, and politics; and their *Pleasures*, that is, the eccentricities, follies, and absurdities which they engender, are smartly and ludicrously touched upon as they pass before our "*folly flogging Satyrist.*"

Indeed, to 'shoot folly as it flies,' forms his principal sport: and, among other *game* which he starts as he courses over "the manors of ignorance, impudence and vice," he levels his fowling piece at Mr. Kemble's vicious pronunciation; and in this instance the marksman has certainly brought down his *bird.*

"*Barber:* We have ventured to revive this word lest our readers should be put to any difficulty, by the late disputes concerning the true pronunciation of the more common word *beard*; which that great master of elocution, *Mr. J. P Kemble*, has lately confounded with the word *bird.* A wit, it is said, upon hearing him talk of his beard in the new style of pronunciation asked him whether his *bird* was not a *black-bird*

"We cannot omit here to justify the great actor for his very *correct* and classical delivery of the phrase, "I'll fill thy bones with *aches*," which last word he pronounces *aitches.* It is clear that *Prospero* intended some dreadful punishment to *Caliban*; and how could he punish him more severely, than by filling his bones with aitches i. e. making all the bones in his body *aitch-bones*?"

The *etchings* are by Rowlandson, but they are scarcely worthy of him.

An Historical Account of Corsham House in Wiltshire; the Seat of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. with a catalogue of his celebrated Collection of Pictures; by John Britton; embellished with a View and Plan of the House, 12*mo.* 5*s. Longman and Co.* 1806.

This is a most noble collection, and Mr. Britton deserves much praise for the pains he has taken in arranging the catalogue, and obtaining every interesting particular respecting each picture. The dedication to the BRITISH INSTITUTION manifests his affection for the Arts. His *Historical Essay* on Painting; and a brief account of the different schools: and a review of the progressive and present state of the arts in England, is well drawn up, and contains much useful information in a small compass. The *Catalogue* is followed by BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of the painters whose works constitute the Corsham house collection.

The Peasant's Death; and other Poems; by John Struthers, author of the "Poor man's Sabbath," &c. Glasgow, M. Ogle. London, R. Ogle, 12*mo. pp.* 112. 1806.

The *Poor Man's Sabbath* has given to Mr. Struthers a considerable degree of reputation as a poet, and in the publication now before us, that reputation is not ill supported. On the contrary, the performance is highly creditable to his muse. In confirmation of this opinion, however, we shall offer a few extracts. The subject of the poem is proposed in these lines:

> "I who ere while in artless numbers sung,
> The *Sabbath* service of the simple swain,
> Whence Peace, Content, Delight, for ever young,
> And heavenly Hope, rose smiling in his train:
> Now to the trem'lous sorrow-breathing strain,
> With faltering hand attune the rustic lyre:
> How sick Dejection, Poverty, and Pain,
> And weeping Sympathy, in death, conspire
> To dash his high-formed hopes, and quench his heavenly fire."

The poet then presents us with a beautiful description of a storm, presaging "winter's eve." The hall of wealth and merriment, in such a night, is contrasted with the humble dwelling of the peasant, the victim of sickness and poverty. His former happy state is adverted to, and the cause of his melancholy situation, painted in glowing language.——The evening meal is next described. The father beholds his disconsolate family from the bed of anguish:

"To hide the grief that in his bosom burns,
The melting magic of their looks to shun,
Round from the light his faded face he turns,
And o'er his cheeks the tears in silence run."

The industry of the mother till the usual hour of rest; and her tender care of her children, are also depicted.

"Then, solitary, all the long night o'er,
She counts the lagging minutes one by one,
Listening, at times, the wild wind's stormy roar,
At times, her husband's feeble, weary groan,
Which, as it rises slow, she mingles with her own."

The night becomes more tempestuous—the rattling hail, the echoing winds, the "unwonted" crowing of the cock, &c. circumstances generally accounted ominous among the Scottish peasantry, affect her mind to such a degree, that

"Her task unable longer to pursue
She rises up to go—she knows not where,
Walks round the floor, as something she would do,
Which yet she cannot for the blinding tear.
Out to the night she looks; there all is drear,
No silver moon nor starry clusters rise,
Terrific Winter rides the groaning air,
With somb'rous wing he, sullen, shades the skies,
While thick the shapeless drift tempestuous flies."

Her wandering thoughts are recalled by the awaking of her husband, who seems anxious to perform the accustomed duty of family worship, which is particularly described;——The exertion overpowers him, and he falls back on his couch; his mind greatly agitated with those fears and hopes that may reasonably be supposed to exercise even a good man in the prospect of speedy dissolution.

For the sake of brevity, we must pass over many affecting circumstances, which the poet has related with great simplicity and feeling. The poor man dies, he

——"hath pass'd that portal drear,
Whence never back shall traveller return,
'Till on the clouds of heaven the throne appear—
The great white throne, with ensigns angel-borne,
Whose streamy blaze shall meet yon bright sun's golden urn."

"His widowed wife" hangs over him in speechless agony. By the kind attention of her friend, her grief

becomes at length in some degree capable of expression, and the poem concludes (one stanza excepted) with the following lines——

> " Long, long, alas! her wounded heart shall grieve—
> Oft shall her babes behold, with secret fear,
> As to the fields she looks at dewy eve,
> Rush sudden o'er her cheek the silent tear.
> And still as spring re-animates the year,
> She, with her little flock, shall duly come,
> On sabbath noons, between the hours of pray'r,
> To weep anew upon his simple tomb,
> Where green the long grass waves, and white the gawen bloom."

It will be perceived from this sketch, that the design of the poem possesses originality, and that the execution is above mediocrity. The practice of virtue is strongly recommended; a strain of piety, and the spirit of genuine philanthropy pervade the whole performance: yet still the work is not without defects: several lines are affectedly stiff, and others not sufficiently explicit: The author discovers a strong poetical genius, but it wants cultivation. Some of the expressions in the quotations we have made, are liable to much censure; the notes which are added are sensible and well written: The smaller pieces consist chiefly of *odes* and *tales*, several of which are not destitute of merit.

The Union Gazetteer for Great Britain and Ireland, by Thomas Brown, 2 vols. Maps. Vernor & Co. London, and W. M. Feat, and Co. Glasgow, 8vo. 1807.

In these volumes Mr. Brown professes to give a " concise, yet correct and authentic account of the topography, agriculture, manufactures, trade, population, remarkable ancient and modern buildings, natural and artificial curiosities, animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, local customs, police, literary institutions, &c. of every district of Great Britain." So arduous an undertaking must have required much labour, and statistical research; yet to those articles which we have examined the author has done justice. He rates the population of England at 8,331,434 exclusive of the army and navy, &c. that of Ireland at near 4,000,000, and that of Scotland at 1,605,000. On the whole we believe we may say, with the author, that these volumes

" contain a more valuable, and more varied mass of useful and entertaining information descriptive of, and relative to the present state of the different places, towns and districts that compose the *British Islands*, than is to be found in any other work of the kind."

The Poetical Works of William Julius Mickle; including several original pieces, with a New Life of the Author. By the Rev. John Sim, A. B. late of St. Alban Hall, Oxford; small 12*mo.* 5*s. Symonds,* 1806.

From the dedication we learn that the *life* prefixed to these poems is the result of a promise repeatedly made to Mickle, that the author would write it, if he survived the poet, and is chiefly composed from his private correspondence, and from the information which he received from himself during an unreserved intimacy of more than sixteen years. As a poet, Mickle has not yet attained the celebrity to which he has a fair claim :

> Mickle, who bade the strong poetic tide
> Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

His *Lusiad* is one of the noblest translations in the language; and his smaller poems possess elegance, vigour, feeling and imagination. The pieces contained in this volume, which have never before been published, consist of *Liberty*; an elegy to the memory of his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales; two odes entitled '*May Day*,' and '*Vicissitude*'; *a Fragment;* and a *Translation of the* 68*th psalm*. *May Day* is among his best performances, and the others will not discredit his name. Mr. Sim has also introduced into this little volume many other pieces which have been published in periodical works, but have never found their way into a regular collection of his poems.

The *Life* is full, satisfactory, and highly interesting. The biographer has made many numerous additions to the accounts by Dr. Anderson, Mr. Reed, and others. He has also noticed a coincidence in the lives of Mickle and Lord Nelson.

" It is rather singular that the immortal Hero of Trafalgar should be born in the parsonage house of his father upon the same month with the subject of this memoir; that each should be the fourth son of a clergyman; that both should die in the same month; and that the number of letters composing their first and last names should be the same."

We must confess we do not see any thing in this very remarkable.

Catholic Vindication. Substance of a Speech delivered by Mr. Edward Quin, in the Court of Common Council, at the Guildhall of the City of London, on Thursday, March 5th, 1807, *against the Motion proposed by Mr. Deputy Birch for opposing the Catholic Bill. 8vo.* 1*s. Keating, Brown, and Co.* 1807.

We will not say that we have been convinced by Mr. Quin's argument, that a bill to enable Papists to fill certain commissions in the army and navy, ought to pass the British Parliament; or that such a concession would "infuse new vigour into the Protestant establishment;" but it would be unjust to deny that he has made a most eloquent and animated speech on the side of the Catholics, and that he has proved himself well acquainted with the different bearings of this very intricate and important question, both with respect to our civil and religious establishment.

Mr. Quin contends, that "the withholding or deprivation of political rights, on account of the exercise of religion, is religious persecution, and that the only difference is, that while positive persecution inflicts tortures, and sheds blood, negative persecution depresses the noblest energies of the mind, consigns to disgrace and obscurity both natural and acquired talents, and stigmatizes its victims by recording their unfitness to serve their King and country, in employments which are filled by their fellow subjects, their neighbours, and frequently by their own relations." He concludes with imploring the enemies of the bill not to place themselves, at this enlightened period, in a descending, but in an ascending scale; not to be instrumental in reviving the prejudices and bigotries of former times. "Let me conjure them," he continues, "not to sit in inquisition on the consciences of their fellow-creatures and countrymen; not to carry the spirit of religious and political persuasion into the temple of that God, whose service is perfect freedom."

These specimens will suffice to shew that Mr. Quin, whose talents as an orator we have frequently admired, possesses also the pen of a ready and elegant writer. The motion of Mr. Deputy Birch, against which this able speech was delivered, was not carried; but the ministerial changes which have since occurred will of course render the repetition of any such motion quite unnecessary for the present.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*A Broken Cake,*"

Glee for Three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; the Poetry translated from Anacreon, by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

This son of Apollo has so many formidable titles, that we cannot approach him without some degree of awe. From a knight and a doctor we naturally enough look for something more than commonly clever, more than usually striking, we expect to trace those marks of genius, and proofs of study, which obtained for their possessor such a pre-eminent distinction of rank and title. The present composition certainly displays no striking bursts of genius, or laboured efforts of science, but it possesses what will satisfy the world in general much better—the power of pleasing. The passages and the structure of the Glee are common enough, and the modulation is very confined; there is nevertheless something in it which with the multitude will infallibly render it popular. We do not approve the fashion of adding piano forte accompaniments to glees; it bespeaks a paucity of invention in the vocal parts, which the composer is glad to supply by something less substantial. Sir John Stevenson would establish a more permanent reputation by producing glees of more study and originality than the "Broken Cake." Perhaps he is content to write merely *ad captandum vulgus*, if not, he must produce something which shall display more true genius, before we can give him a place among our first glee writers.

"*To Julia weeping.*"

A Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

This canzonet is quite in the style of Sir John Stevenson's other productions, simple and elegant. Some of the turns are new, and the whole composition, though certainly not very novel in its structure, is pleasing, and we have no doubt will become popular.

"*If I swear by that Eye.*"

A Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

Sir John Stevenson is exactly the composer we should have chosen for Mr. Moore's words. There is a degree of prettiness in the poetry of this author, which never expands into any thing sublime or striking—this is precisely the case with Sir John Stevenson's music. It is always pretty, frequently elegant, never majestic or sublime. He is indeed so much of a mannerist, that what we have said of one of his compositions will apply with very little variation to all. The canzonet before us possesses no new or striking beauties—it is a col-

lection of pretty passages strung together, and supported by a well-arranged accompaniment. There is less originality in it, than in the last mentioned composition.

No. 1, The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duetts, Trios, Quartetts, Glees, &c. composed by Joseph Kemp. To be continued Monthly.

Mr. Kemp has here undertaken an arduous task, if he means to trust entirely to his own invention, for the support of this work. He proposes to furnish a monthly number:—now to supply a constant succession of *good* compositions, requires a fertility of invention, and a versatility of talent, which it rarely falls to the lot of one man to possess. Every composer is more or less of a mannerist; in a miscellaneous publication; therefore, which is to be the sole production of one man, we must expect to find similar ideas, and similar passages, frequently recurring. However different in the titles, however divided into songs, glees, and duetts, still the same style will prevail throughout. If then the task be difficult, no mean praise ought to be awarded to him who performs it well.—The first composition of this number, is a song, of which the melody is simple and plaintive, some of the passages are novel, and the accompaniment is judiciously arranged. The next, which Mr. Kemp, we don't know why, calls a madrigal, we must regard as merely inserted to fill up a certain quantity of paper; fortunately it occupies only one page. The duett which follows is easy and flowing, the parts in general sing well together, and the modulation is neatly managed. Mr. Kemp has supposed both his singers to possess a compass of nearly two octaves, which of course will prevent his duett from becoming a general favourite; by a little alteration he might have easily obviated this objection. The well known ballad of Barbara Allen which concludes the first number, is set in G minor. Mr. Kemp has here very successfully imitated the old ballad style; he has expressed the sentiment of the words in a very correct and appropriate melody, supported by a simple and judicious accompaniment.—On the whole we are inclined to think well of Mr. Kemp: as a composer he is correct, and frequently original,—how he will be able to support this undertaking his future numbers must discover: he has our wishes for its success.

A new Overtur for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced, the favourite Air of Mounseer Nong-tong-paw, Dedicated to the Honourable Miss Georgina Lygon. Composed by Mr. Latour.

We really have played this overture twice through, in order to find something in it to praise, but alas "'tis all in vain." It is a very meagre composition indeed, not even the elegant air of Mounseer Nong-tong-paw has been able to give us a favourable opinion of it.

Petite Fantaisie, et la Contrariante, pour le Piano Forte. Dedicé a Lady Emily Percy, par Louis Von Esch.

This is by no means one of M. Von Esch's best productions; to say the truth it is not worthy of him; it possesses neither the

elegance nor the originality of many of his compositions. If his aim be merely profit, he may do well to publish every thing that he writes, but if he desire also to acquire fame, he had much better publish such only of his compositions as are really good.

The Damask Rose,

A Favorite Ballad, written by J. B. Orme, Esq. Composed and respectfully dedicated to Mr. Braham, by T. Purday.

If this song be a fair specimen of Mr. Purday's abilities as a composer, we can assure him that he has completely mistaken his talent. As far as we can judge from the composition before us, he has not a single requisite for the task he has undertaken. That which he designs for the melody of his song, is in fact no melody at all, it is a collection of unmeaning passages strung together without taste or judgment. His bass is very ill arranged, and in the second part of the song we have two staring fifths between the bass and treble. We would sincerely advise Mr. Purday to give up all thoughts of appearing again in print, at least till he has gained a few more correct ideas of composition.

Poor Stolen Mary,

By Mr. E. Button; set to Music by F. H. Barthelemon, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte.

Mr. Barthelemon is not a voluminous composer, but his productions are not on that account the less estimable. He is always correct, and generally rises far above mediocrity. The ballad before us, although simple, is highly expressive, and the accompaniment is managed in a scientific and masterly manner. We have no doubt of its becoming popular.

"Lucinda and Henry."

Written by Mr. E. Button, set to Music by J. Birch.

The principal fault of this song is want of connection. Instead of changing the time and character of his melody every few bars, Mr. Birch would have succeeded much better, if he had kept throughout to one style, and left it to the discretion of the singer to make such slight and occasional variations in the time and expression, as the sentiment of the words dictated. Throughout the song there is a fresh direction to the singer every two or three bars: we don't admire such perpetual prompting; it bespeaks a barrenness in the composition to need such constant artificial support. Some passages in the song are good, and we doubt not, with a little more experience, that Mr. Birch may become a respectable composer.

The Passions, in a series of Ten Songs, for the Voice and Piano Forte, written and composed by Mr. Dibdin.

Perhaps no man at present living has contributed so long and so much to the entertainment of the public as Mr. Dibdin. He is a rare instance of a man uniting in himself no mean degree of talent both as a poet and a musician. His compositions as a poet have a degree of point and originality peculiarly his own, and his musical productions display abundant marks of genius and correct taste. Indeed, considering the number and variety of his

songs, it is surprising how many good ones he has written. We hail his re-appearance in public with sincere pleasure, and rejoice that although he has laid aside the character of a public performer, he is still disposed to contribute his share to our amusement.—The songs before us profess to delineate some of the passions. In several of them Mr. Dibdin has succeeded, in some we think he has failed. Those on *Love*, *Friendship*, and *Chearfulness*, we think decidedly the best; they possess more originality, and more care has been bestowed upon them than some of the others. The second song on *Mirth* is certainly very poor; we should guess it to have taken exactly as much time in composing as it would in copying. The words of all the songs are easy, spirited, and like all Mr. Dibdin's former productions—strictly moral. A few trifling inaccuracies of composition appear, in some of the songs, which Mr. Dibdin would do right to correct.

Dr. Haydn's Symphonies, arranged as Quintettos, for a Flute, two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello, with an adaptation or thorough Bass for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Hague, Professor of Music, in the University of Cambridge.

This is the second number of this work; it contains three of the most admired Symphonies of Haydn; all the effect that could be given in a work of this nature is here collected into five parts which, with the addition of the Piano Forte part, printed separately, seem complete; since Dr. Hague has considered the latter a substitute for horns, oboes, drum, double bass, &c. while the other instruments are employed in maintaining some essential subject or point. The piano-forte gives an orchestral effect, and sums up the harmony and contrivance of the whole.

The fingering, which is marked to some of the most difficult passages in the violins and violoncello part, shews Dr. Hague's knowledge of the instruments, and must prove acceptable to those who may be in need of such assistance.

We understand that this publication will consist of twelve of Haydn's symphonies, all different to those published by Mr. Salomon—which with Mr. Salomon's, must make a valuable chamber collection of that great Composer's instrumental works.

†‡† We are happy to learn that a new edition of Morley's madrigals and canzonets, is about to be published by a gentleman at Oxford, from manuscripts in the Bodleian library. No complete edition of this excellent Composer's works has appeared since their original publication in 1593. To all admirers of this kind of music, therefore, the present work will be a valuable acquisition.

Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, is preparing for publication a collection of twelve manuscript glees. From the present productions of this author, and especially from some MS. glees which have fallen under our notice, we are inclined to expect a valuable addition to our vocal harmony.

Dr. Callcott's Musical Essays will appear in the course of this year.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

THE CURFEW,

BY THE LATE JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.

Author of the Honeymoon.

THE *Honeymoon* was quite a novelty in the modern drama; a comedy in blank verse, written in the style of our elder bards, and possessing sufficient bustle, humour, and interest, to please every description of auditors. The present play is built upon the same model; but it is of a *tragic* cast, and has much less merit, as a drama, than the *Honeymoon*, though in point of language it is equal, if not superior to that production.

The title it bears of the *Curfew*, has little to do with the incidents: it merely marks the time and scene of action, and any other time and scene might have been selected, without materially affecting the interest of the piece. As the play is printed, the author shall tell some of his story in his own language, which, since it is its best recommendation, we shall not grudge the space it will occupy:

Baron. I am not native of this isle,
But born in Normandy.
I wedded there, long since, an English lady
Most rare in her endowments.
Possess'd of such a woman, for no cause,
But the excess of her perfections,
Compared with my weak merits to deserve them—
From love's extremest dotage I fell off
To sudden jealousy; in which dark mood,
A letter reach'd me in an unknown hand;
Containing nought but this—"Look to your wife."
This letter was soon follow'd by another,
Which circumstantially disclos'd my shame,
And made surmise conviction—pointed out
The time, when I might find, in mine own chamber,
My wife in guilty converse with a lover.
Think with what pangs I waited for that hour—

When, as advis'd, I did surprise my wife
In secret with a man.
I stabb'd the woman: her companion fled,
And in the darkness of the night escap'd me.
Returning quickly back, I found my wife too,
Whose wound tho' deep was nothing dangerous,
Had, with our only son, a tender infant,
Fled in most wild amazement—soon in safety
She reach'd the nearest sea-port—thence embarking
For this her native land, they were both wreck'd;
And with the rest of that devoted crew
In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd.
My wife was spotless—that same precious villain—
For that he was a villain soon was palpable,—
In a last letter, closed this scene of horror
With these emphatic words, which, as I read them,
Were graven on my heart:—"Your wife was innocent,
Yet I'm but half reveng'd."

Many may be inclined to think, with us, that the husband is but a silly sort of a gentleman, and that the wife was tolerably lucky in getting on board a vessel, considering that she had received a *deep wound*, and that the effusion of blood was probably pretty abundant; but she is in truth a very extraordinary lady, as *you shall see anon*. The vessel was wrecked, and all on board perished, *except* herself and son, who floated together on "the *guardian waves* which bore their *trembling burden*" to the English coast. She had before been dagger-proof, and now appears to have been one of those who are *not born to be drowned*, though some time afterwards she was very near being hanged for a sorceress. She has been fortunate enough to save a little money from the wreck, and with this buys a cottage. Here, with her son, she has lived for a number of years. The villagers look upon her as a witch (what would they have said if they had seen her riding on the *guardian waves?*) and the boy, when he is grown up, joins a band of robbers, who had taken up their abode in a neighbouring forest.

Their captain, *Fitzharding*, is the villain who had excited the Baron's groundless jealousy, and who not having quite done with him, follows him from Normandy to England, and there lies in wait to execute upon him some signal vengeance, in requital for his having been branded on the shoulder, by the Baron's orders, for shewing some symptoms of insubordination and mutiny, while serving under him as a soldier. Such is the cor-

dition of the characters when the play commences. The Baron, whose conscience is heavy-laden, sends to a priest, whom he has never seen, but of whose skill in restoring peace to the afflicted mind he has heard much, to receive his confession. Dunstan, "this reverend holy friar," is intercepted by Fitzharding on his way to the Baron, and compelled, after resigning his hood and cloak, to return back to his convent. In this disguise, he repairs to the castle, and having listened to the Baron's remorse and contrition, appoints a meeting in a retired spot, where a monument has been erected to the supposed drowned lady, for the performance of some pious ceremony which is to make the poor Norman *his own man again*. In the mean time, however, Matilda has been brought before him under a charge of witchcraft, and availing herself of the prejudice against her, offers to restore the Baron's wife in *propriâ personâ* to his view. She suspects the friar to have *two faces under his hood*, and resolves to attend at the *more removed ground* where he and the Baron are to be engaged in their pious duties. Here at the appointed time they meet, and *Fitzharding* concluding that he has now worked his foe into the toils, discovers himself, recites his injuries at length, which the Baron listens to with much *sang froid*, and when the ruffian produces the dagger to dispatch him, very naturally runs away bawling *murder* and *thieves*, something like *Scrub*, and Fitzharding, who thinks that after a lapse of twenty years, and encountering so much peril to get him into his clutches, he ought not so easily to escape, as naturally runs after him. At this moment the *sham Witch*, who is lying *en ambuseade* behind the monument, stalks between them, and the Baron's vassals then making their appearance, the branded Captain of the robbers is taken into custody, and though the injured noble kindly offers to shake hands with him and make it up, he prefers the solitude of a dungeon "in which he may curse him privately," and struts off the stage with a full determination of *dying game*.

There is a sort of underplot which is not much less absurd. *Florence*, the Baron's daughter, is beloved by his vassal *Bertrand*, who urges her to elope with him. The lady observes that they must "part to meet no more," for that her father will never consent to their union, but the very next moment offers him her hand.

and engages at night to meet him at the place of appointment. *Bertrand* advises her to come dress'd like a "cap'ring knight," to avoid suspicion; but as *Florence* had made up her mind to marry him, she might as well have gone off with him at once, since the same way by which *Bertrand* retreated unobserved from the castle, was open to her, and the difficulty as well as danger of a solitary escape might thus have been avoided. *Bertrand* now takes his leave, and before his mistress retires to consult the tailor about her male attire, the Baron enters, and suspecting that the lovers are about to play him a trick, commands her to give up all thoughts of *Bertrand*, on pain of his bitter persecution while he lives, and at his death his *curses as her portion*. The enamour'd daughter, glad of any excuse for doing what she wishes, misinterprets this into a formal renunciation of her, and is consequently more determined to disobey him. "Bertrand," she exclaims, "I am all thine," though she has some notion that he may prove like many other husbands, and now and then give her a few *sharp words* and *frowning looks*, which, however, she thinks she can bear better than his *cold civility*.

As might naturally be expected, our "cap'ring knight," falls into the hands of the robbers, and *Bertrand* comes to her rescue, only to have the mortification of seeing her carried off by the banditti, and of being himself surrounded by the Baron's vassals, who hurry him away to the castle to give some account of his conduct. The Baron taxes him with the obscurity of his birth, which gives the young man an opportunity of talking very sensibly, but rather boisterously, on the superior merit of individual exertions over mere hereditary rank. His arguments, however, are not admitted, and he is handed back a prisoner to the Baron's vassals. *Florence* in the mean time has been conveyed to the robbers' cave, and because she seems to have listened to the discourse of the thieves, it is settled that she must be murdered. Robert (the *Witch*'s son) is selected to perform this pleasant office—but Herman, another of the banditti, does not like Robert's hesitating consent to do the deed; and when his comrades depart "to skirt the wood," he says he will stay and see it done; and then retires to watch the butcher and the lamb. The scene that follows is a transcript from one in King John. Florence entreats like *Arthur*, Robert insists

like *Hubert.* The artless pleadings of the boy at length prevail, and the intended murderer melts into the kind preserver. From *King John* we are conveyed to the *Children in the Wood.* The sanguinary Herman who has been peeping at all this ceremony, now makes his appearance to do the job that his companion had declined. Robert *(Walter)* appeals to Herman's *(Oliver's)* feelings, but he has none. Supplication therefore is succeeded by force, and the blood-thirsty Herman is *dead and buried* in a twinkling.

Robert conducts his charge to his mother's hovel, from whence, a general *search-warrant* having been issued for the witch's apprehension, and all her inmates, she is conveyed to the Baron's castle, unrecognized of course both by her father and his vassals, because it is one of the *canons* in dramatic composition that a suit of boy's cloaths shall always, by a sort of talismanic operation: alter the *features of the face.* In the fourth act, the best in the play, the principal characters are all together: the Baron, with his confessor and enemy *in disguise*; his daughter *in disguise*, and his wife *in disguise*, vindicating herself from the accusation preferred against her by the villagers. We have already said that the Baron is a very *silly gentleman*, and there is certainly consistency in his folly. The conduct of the sham friar is equivocal throughout; *Florence* assures him that an immediate attack upon his castle is intended; three robbers are detected under his roof in the habit of minstrels; and yet he does nothing but draw the conclusion that "there must be something in it:" truly a very shrewd and subtle inference. The remaining incidents we have already narrated, except what is almost too obvious to need mention, that the Baron finds his wife, his son, his daughter, and his son-in-law, all at the same moment, and then tells us that he will go *in* (though he is *in* his castle already,)

> "———To shake amazement from his senses
> [And] "Discourse more fully on these prodigies."

We have seldom been present at a play which exhibits so much artifice in its plot, with such improbability and impossibility in the incidents. No one circumstance seems to flow from any necessary cause. We have shewn, in our sketch of the fable, some of its monstrosities. A woman deeply wounded, snatching up her son, and without seeking an explanation from her husband, or cast-

ing a thought on her infant daughter, reaching a vessel in safety; afterwards carried by the waves to her native coast; living there for a length of time in poverty and contempt, close to her husband's castle, without seeking for an explanation of his conduct, or explaining, herself, the object of the man's visit who was detected in her apartment, although the Baron's penitence might easily have been learnt, and the restoration of her son to his family rights, and her daughter's unprotected situation, seemed so forcibly to demand an effort towards a reconciliation: all this is incredible. As an English lady, too, it is strange that she should prefer to live so long in her native land, thus miserable and despised, without an application to her own family.

The *Baron* is a being also of whose conduct, upon common principles, we know not how to judge. He desires his daughter to "learn to love" *Bertrand.* When she has learnt her lesson, and tells him she is perfect, he says, he was "only *dreaming*" when he imposed the task upon her, and gives her the choice of marrying *Bertrand* or of resigning *him.* As he might now be in another *dream*, she exercises the freedom he offers her, and makes up her mind to a husband. He behaves to Bertrand in a similar way, encourages him to pay his addresses, and when he has done so, expresses his wonder that his vassal should presume to seek an alliance with his noble house. Bertrand had, besides, saved his life in battle. Thus, at the time he is groaning beneath the weight of a crime which, under the circumstances of its commission, might be excused as unpremeditated, and almost justifiable, and is seeking his peace with heaven, he is intentionally guilty of gross injustice and cruelty; and to *lighten* his tender conscience of the load which the death of his *wife* and *son* have left upon it, coolly parts with his *remaining child*, just as a master in modern days would with one of his servants—not, however, without having first given her a *regular warning.*

Fitzharding, the hero of the piece, is a more inexplicable fellow still. He suffers the Baron to live for a number of years, that he may be the victim of a tormented conscience, and afterwards puts himself to a world of trouble, and his life to the most imminent hazard, to release him from his misery by killing him. That a man of his high spirit should link with a gang of cut-throats at all, is not much in character; but that he should do this to accomplish an object which he could

have effected without so many *honourable* associates, is still more extraordinary. He wanted only to kill the man he hates, and the assistance of the robbers is unnecessary for his purpose.

The same want of "dependency of thing on thing," is apparent throughout the play. The Author wished to produce a few strong effects, and whether they resulted from natural causes formed no part of his consideration. To make a *murder-scene*, and keep the spectator palpitating a few minutes between the uplifted dagger of the executioner and the imploring anxiety of the terrified victim, *Florence* must die: though it was easy to prevent her discovering the robbers' plot, by merely confining her; and Herman must be distinguished as a most ferociously bloody villain, because a *little fighting* always pleases the gallery.

The plagiarisms are numerous. Some of them have been pointed out. The *Battle of Hexham*, *Much ado*, *King John*, the *Winter's Tale*, *Children in the Wood*, &c. &c. have furnished the Author both with incident and language. *Walter*, the Curfew-toller, is a mixture of *Dogbery* and *Crazy*. Fitzharding is a Zanga, clumsily pursuing a lower species of revenge for an indignity which he brought upon himself. Margaret's description of the Outlaw's life is taken from *Gondibert*'s speech to *Adeline*. The Robbers are also the same as those in the *Battle of Hexham*, and we wanted nothing but our favourite catch, "*When Arthur first at Court began*," to make the resemblance complete. The Dialogue is an avowed imitation; but imitation must have its bounds. We will allow the Author to have his "commandement" in four syllables:

> "When lovers cheat the stern command-e-ment;"

but when we hear such parallels as these, we must beg to cry, *hold*.

"In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd"	*Curfew.*
"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried"	*Shakspeare.*
"Plant wrinkles on the blooming cheek of youth"	*Curfew.*
"Stamp wrinkles on the brow of youth"	*K. Lear.*
"I almost trust thee, for thou dost not swear"	*Curfew.*
"But if he swears he'll certainly deceive thee"	*Orphan.*

It may, perhaps, be thought that we look at this play

with an eye too little indulgent; but we are by no means insensible of Mr. Tobin's great merit, and our observations can be admissible no further than they shall be just. We allow that Mr. Tobin had an extensive acquaintance with the old writers; with the structure of their versification, and their peculiar modes of expression; that his mind was strongly impregnated with a true poetical taste, and that he had language at command, smooth, elegant, bold, and empassioned, to clothe his thoughts in the very garb of his favourite authors, without any appearance of labour or stiffness. But it does not appear that he possessed any creative faculty. Originality he has shewn none. Every thing is borrowed, though certainly with a grace and dexterity which seldom in a degree so remarkable attend the process of imitation.

Yet we cannot applaud the practice of going two hundred years back for our dramatic dialogue. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Shakspeare, adopted the phraseology of their own time. We admire and must ever feel its force and beauty in their original works, but distilled through the limbeck of imitation, much of its spirit must inevitably evaporate. The diction of a poet is inheritable, but not his mind. Of what service, then, are imitators to the stage?

The PROLOGUE is much superior to Prologues in general, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Opie does her very great credit.

We shall next month give some specimens of the composition; and offer a few remarks on the acting.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN MILTON AND SHAKSPEARE,

By Dr. Symmons.

Among the compositions of our own country, COMUS certainly stands unrivaled for its affluence in poetic imagery and diction; and, as an effort of the creative power, it can be paralleled only by the Muse of SHAKSPEARE, by whom, in this respect, it is possibly exceeded.

With Shakspeare the whole, with exception to some rude outlines or suggestions of the story, is the immediate emanation of his own mind: but Milton's erudi-

tion prohibited him from this extreme originality, and was perpetually supplying him with thoughts, which would sometimes obtain the preference from his judgment, and would sometimes be mistaken for her own property by his invention. Original, however, he is; and of all the sons of song inferior in this requisite of genius only to Shakspeare. Neither of these wonderful men was so far privileged above his species as to possess other means of acquiring knowledge than through the inlets of the senses, and the subsequent operations of the mind on this first mass of ideas. The most exalted of human intelligences cannot form one mental phantasm uncompounded of this visible world. Neither Shakspeare nor Milton could conceive a sixth corporal sense, or a creature absolutely distinct from the inhabiters of this world. A Caliban, or an Ariel; a devil, or an angel, are only several compositions and modifications of our animal creation; and heaven and hell can be built with nothing more than our terrestrial elements newly arranged and variously combined. The distinction, therefore, between one human intelligence and another must be occasioned solely by the different degrees of clearness, force, and quickness, with which it perceives, retains, and combines. On the superiority in these mental faculties it would be difficult to decide between those extraordinary men, who are the immediate subjects of our remark: for, if we are astonished at that power, which, from a single spot, as it were, could collect sufficient materials for the construction of a world of its own, we cannot gaze without wonder at that proud magnificence of intellect, which rushing, like some mighty river, through extended lakes, and receiving into its bosom the contributory waters of a thousand regions, preserves its course, its name, and its character, entire. With Milton, from whatever mine the ore may originally be derived, the coin issues from his own mint with his own image and superscription, and passes into currency with a value peculiar to itself. To speak accurately, the mind of Shakspeare could not create; and that of Milton invented with equal, or nearly equal, power and effect. If we admit, in the Tempest, or the Midsummer's Night's Dream, a higher flight of the inventive faculty, we must allow a less interrupted stretch of it in the Comus: in this poem there may be something, which might have been corrected by the revising

judgment of its author; but its errors in thought and language, are so few and trivial that they must be regarded as the inequality of the plumage, and not as the depression or the unsteadiness of the wing. The most splendid results of Shakspeare's poetry are still urged, and separated by some interposing defect: but the poetry of the Comus may be contemplated as a series of gems strung on golden wire, where the sparkle shoots along the line with scarcely the intervention of one opake spot.

ORATORIOS.

To the Bishop of London.

My Lord,

IT is now near twelve years since I publicly addressed your Lordship, through the medium of a popular periodical work, on the disgraceful and impious *melange* which is suffered to be exhibited in the theatre on the Wednesdays and Fridays throughout Lent. My appeal was ineffectual, and this repetition may, perhaps, be equally successless. But as the practice which I then reprobated still continues, and my sentiments respecting it remain unaltered, I shall once more discharge my duty by directing your Lordship's attention to a subject which is so well worthy of it, in the hope that some remedy may be applied to an evil which no pious man can observe without shuddering, and which, as it amounts to little short of *blasphemy*, must be grievously offensive in the eyes of God.

My Lord, I presume that the prohibiting the performance of *plays* on those nights, arose from the consideration that the solemnity of the Lent Festival ought not to be disturbed by any amusements calculated to divert the mind from those serious and devout reflections which, at such a season, it is incumbent on every sincere Christian to indulge. But if I prove to your Lordship, as I trust I shall, that the "Lenten Entertainment" offered to the public with the avowed and admitted design of celebrating the passion of OUR SAVIOUR, and of exciting our devotions and gratitude by means of "*sacred music*," is polluted by a mixture of words and subjects which, so far from being allied to any thing *sacred*, are, in the

strictest and most legitimate sense of the word, *profane*, often an *incitement to mirth*, and sometimes *obscene;* I shall then be entitled, I think, to demand of your Lordship that this abominable offence against morality and religion be prohibited for the future, unless some sufficient reason can be assigned why it has been permitted to continue so long.

Of SACRED MUSIC I am a fervent admirer, and my soul has often yielded to the 'divine enchanting ravishment' of Handel's *Messiah.* The composer has caught the sublimity of his subject, and I have felt myself agitated, during the performance, with alternate emotions of grief, awe, gratitude, delight, and adoration. But how have I been shocked with the intrusions which, not unfrequently, break in upon the sensations so appropriately excited. I speak now of the evenings when there are given what they call *Grand Selections.* When transitions are made from *Holy, holy, Lord,* to the *Soldier tir'd; I know that my Redeemer liveth,* to Sir John Stuart and the *Battle of Maida; Glory to God in the highest,* to *England's King and England's Glory;—Pious orgies,* to *O the pleasure;..Endless, mighty God,* to *Mad Bess.* These transitions, my Lord, you must admit, are as abrupt to the imagination, and as grossly sacrilegious, as if your Lordship were to dance a *hornpipe* in the middle of a charity sermon, or the organist to strike up a *jig tune* after the first verse of an anthem. Let us see how well such a selection of *sacred* music accords:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

"O the pleasures of the plains.
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay,)
Dance and sport the hours away."

"I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter days upon the earth.

Again

"He shall feed his flocks like a shepherd, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

"O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry."

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;
Sport that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter holding both his sides."

"O God when thou appear'st, &c."

"Tears such as angels weep"

"The Lord is a man of war"

"He was eyes unto the blind"

"Lord what is man"

"He gave them hailstones"

"Where is this stupendous stranger"

"Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure."

"The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Here we have in this *musical masquerade* the most affecting and awful passages of Scripture combined with the fables of the heathen mythology, and the mirthful rhapsodies of our own poets: *The Lord is a man of war*, and a British army defeating the French in Sicily; the King of Kings, and George the Third; The mighty God, and *Mad Bess; Tears* such as angels weep, and *Laughter* holding both his sides; Christ feeding his flocks like a shepherd, and Dancing nymphs and merry kidlings; soldiers and drinking; Bacchus and Polyphemus; Our Saviour expiring on the cross, and a drunken hero sinking on the breast of a Grecian courtezan!!

And this, my Lord, is *sacred music!* This is the blasphemous *hodge-podge* at which your Lordship (not without serious and repeated notice) has connived; which the Legislature sanctions; and which the Lord Chamberlain, who seems to be satisfied with holding his office without discharging its duties, has not thought proper to interrupt. Such is the celebration of that great event in which all the Christian world is interested, and to make way for which the actors are driven from their own boards; as if a moral drama, inculcating virtuous sentiments, were not infinitely preferable to an *Oratorio*, which, while it affects to praise and to adore, treats the Divine Majesty with a species of mockery and insult, worse a thousand times, in my opinion, as coming from *believing* CHRISTIANS, than that which the *disbelieving* JEWS offered to the MESSIAH, when they 'spit upon

him, and bowing their knees in derision, worshipped him, and gave him gall and vinegar to drink.'

I am more particularly induced at the present moment to address your Lordship upon this subject, because a kind of *half measure* has been adopted, this *Lent*, to prevent its being violated by public exhibitions. Mr. Palmer, who last season was allowed to give Readings at the Lyceum, has been forbidden to repeat them. Other places of evening amusement, heretofore open, have also been closed. The public are debarred from enjoying a a recreation in itself allowable and innocent, but they may go without impediment to the theatre; because *that place*, though shut against its rightful tenants is fully *authorized* to *burlesque* the Christian religion, its followers, its ministers, and its adorable Founder.

I shall expect next year to see the Bishop of London, and the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, standing at the Two Box Doors with the Crozier and White Staff, publicly inviting the people to assist at this *solemn mockery*. I am, my Lord,

Good Friday, Your Lordship's very humble servant,
March 27, 1807. CLERICUS.

THE FIRST AND SECOND FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

From Mr. Beloe's Literary Anecdotes.

PERHAPS there is no book in the English language which has risen so rapidly in value as the first edition of the works of our great natural poet.

I can remember a very fine copy to have been sold for five guineas. I could once have purchased a superb one for nine guineas. At the sale of Dr. Monro's books it was purchased for thirteen guineas; and two years since, I was present when thirty-six guineas were demanded for a copy.

I take this opportunity of correcting a mistake of Mr. Steevens, relative to the second folio edition of Shakspeare.

Dr. Askew had a fine copy of this book, with the autograph of Charles the First. Mr. Steevens purchased it at Dr. Askew's sale for 5l. 10s. In this book, Charles the First had written these words: DUM SPIRO SPERO, C. R. And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, had also written, "Ex dono serenissimi Regis Car. Servo suo Humiliss. T. Herberts."

Mr. Steevens has been guilty of an error concerning this Sir Thomas Herbert, which could hardly have been expected from so very accurate a pen. He affirms that this Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels, the following words being copied from his own handwriting: "Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels to King Charles the First." Whereas it was a Sir Henry Herbert who had that office. This mistake was immediately detected and rectified by his present Majesty, in his own hand, by which circumstance this book possesses the autographs of two sovereigns of England. Beneath the above words of Mr. Steevens, his present Majesty has written thus:

"This is a mistake, he (Sir Thomas Herbert) having been Groom of the Bed Chamber to King Charles I. but Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels."

Dr. Askew purchased this identical copy at Dr. Mead's sale for two guineas and a half. For this book, says Steevens, I gave the *enormous* sum of 5l. 10s. It was purchased for the King's Library for eighteen guineas. I wonder what, under its present circumstances, it would produce at this time.

TOWN AND COUNTRY,

A Comedy by Thomas Morton, Esq.

TO this gentleman the public are infinitely indebted. His former comedies rank with the best which the age has produced, and will be selected by posterity from the perishable trash of the day, as the fairest specimens of our dramatic composition. The present is not his happiest performance, but its merits are nevertheless very striking, and in popularity and attraction it is likely to vie with the most favourite productions of his pen.

The plot is full of business and intricacy; perhaps it is rather too much involved. To follow it would be difficult, and as we find we have not the room to render it justice, we shall merely state the leading circumstances.

The strong interest consists in the supposed voluntary elopement of *Rosalie Somers* from her guardian in Wales, with a man of fashion, whom accident has brought into the family. *Reuben*, a man of strong feelings and the most honourable character, is ardently attached to her, and had reason to think his affection returned. The sudden departure of *Rosalie*, and her apparent preference of another, acts like a death-blow to his hopes. He sinks immediately into despondency, and almost into distraction; but tidings arrive that his brother, an officer in the army, the victim of London disipation and vice, is on the verge of ruin; his virtuous feelings are again excited, and to save this unfortunate youth he hastens to London.

He finds his brother at the gaming table, having just lost the whole of his property, and on the point of self-destruction. The man who had by a villainous artifice seduced *Rosalie* from her friends, has, like another *Stukeley*, prevailed on *Captain Glenroy* to stake his last shilling on the dice, in order to accomplish his base views on the wife, who is virtuous, but indiscreet, and too fond of fashionable connections. *Reuben* has the satisfaction of rescuing her brother from impending ruin, of recalling *Mrs. Glenroy* to the duties of domestic life, of exposing and punishing the fashionable destroyer of private repose, and of recovering, still faithful and unpolluted, his beloved *Rosalie Somers.*

The character of *Reuben* has occupied the author's particular attention. All his scenes are most interesting and important, but particularly that in which he is apprised of *Rosalie's* flight, and the interview with her brother and *Plastic*. The warm and active interest he takes in the welfare of others, while he has himself so strong a claim on our sympathy, renders his character doubly engaging. The comic characters are powerfully drawn, and have as much originality as can reasonably be expected, considering that the track is so beaten and hacknied. *Cosey*, an honest stock-broker, prefers the *comforts*, or what others would perhaps call the *miseries* of London, to all the charms of a country life, but carries wherever he goes a feeling-heart and a charitable

hand. *Trot*, on the contrary, who is hurried by his wife, a *would-be* woman of fashion, to town, to squander in its multifarious diversions, some of the wealth he has amassed as a cotton-spinner, sighs to hear once more the clack of his mill, and rejoices at the loss of a considerable part of his fortune, because it makes it necessary for him to return to Staffordshire and rural felicity. Both these characters are pourtrayed with infinite humour.

The Language in the serious scenes is vigorous, elegant, and impressive. The lighter dialogue is easy and vivacious, and gleams occasionally with wit, particularly in the scenes in which *Mrs. Gleuroy* is concerned. The sentiments are not interspersed merely to catch applause, they flow naturally from the incidents, and strike home to the heart. The vice and misery of *gaming* are exhibited in the strongest colours, and the wickedness and unnatural cruelty of tearing a child from its maternal pillow, to derive its nourishment from a stranger's breast, are marked with just and pointed reprehension. The foibles and depravities of high life, so often traced and censured, are lashed with an unsparing hand. They are a dramatic writer's fair game, and we know nobody who is better *qualified* to hunt them down, or is a more unerring marksman, than Mr. Morton.

Of the Acting we cannot speak too highly. Kemble played admirably, and treated us into the bargain with another specimen of his vicious orthoëpy, by pronouncing *legislature, leegizlitchure:* ("a plague of these antic, affected fantasticos, these *new tuners of accents.*") He dressed the character also with ridiculous and affected singularity. A man like *Reuben*, the son of a Welsh clergyman, and who delights to catch the breeze among his native mountains, would hardly wear a pair of fashionable Hessian boots, and fill his hair with powder. Fawcett, in *Cosey*, was, to use his own phrase, *what we call comfortable.* He brings out the part very boldly, and displays in it all his characteristic humour and spirit. Blanchard had the disadvantage of acting a part written expressly for Munden, and of studying it at a short notice; but he performed it in a very able manner, and was greatly applauded. The Author is particularly indebted to Mr. Charles Kemble for the judgment with which he supported so obnoxious a character as *Plastic*, which, in less respectable hands,

might have proved fatal to the piece. The Ladies, upon whom the Author has not made a very strong call, did every justice to their respective characters. A Song is introduced by Miss Tyrer, with a harp accompaniment. It is pretty enough, and was very sweetly sung, but both the *air* and the *accompaniment* should have been in the style of the Welsh music.

Upon the whole, the new comedy pessesses every recommendation to render it attractive, both in *Town and Country*.

LULLI,

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH MUSICIAN.

THIS great Musician was one day reproached with setting nothing to music but the languid verses of Quinault. He ran immediately to his harpsichord, and with great violence of gesture, sang from Racine's tragedy of "Iphigenie" the following terrific lines:

Un pretre environné, d'une foule cruelle
Portera sur ma fille, une main criminelle
Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux
Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.

Lulli, thinking himself dying, sent for his confessor, who would not give him absolution unless he burnt the last opera he had composed, and which was in manuscript. Lulli disputed for some time, but all in vain; at last he threw it into the fire before the priest's face, and received absolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to see him, and told him what a simpleton he had been to destroy one of his finest compositions. "Do not condemn me, Sir, unheard," replied the musician to the Prince, "I knew very well what I was about: I have another copy." Lulli died at last of a wound which he had given himself in his foot, by beating time with too much violence with his cane. Agitated by the extremest remorse for the free life which he had led, he ordered himself to be placed upon ashes, and a rope to be put about his neck, and with tears in his eyes expired, chanting from the "*Prosa Ecclesiastica*" of the Romish church, "Oh wretched sinner, you must die!"

When Cardinal d'Estrées was at Rome, he praised Corelli's Sonatas very much before that exquisite Author. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if they have any merit, it is because I have studied Lulli." Handel himself has imitated Lulli in many of his Overtures.

POETRY.

CRIMORA AND CONNAL.

The Subject from Ossian.

CRIMORA mourn'd for Connal slain,
Slain by her erring dart;
He bleeds—her Connal dies in pain!
It bursts Crimora's heart.

With grief the pensive maiden died;
Together now they sleep;
Their tomb is yonder mountain's pride,
Where rushing whirlwinds sweep.

Between its stones wild grass peeps forth.
To catch the wind's rude sigh,
From wildest regions of the North,
It spreads its bitter cry.

Whilst autumn gives her darkest hue,
Loud doth the storm-fiend rave;
Cold falls the sad and silvery dew,
Upon their gloomy grave.

Feb. 3, 1807. J. M. L.

LINES.

UPON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY APPEARING AT THE EXHIBITION.

WHEN lovely Delphine sought the crouded scene,
The painter's mimic power no longer mov'd,
All turn'd to gaze upon her beauteous mien;
None envied her, for as they look'd, they lov'd;

Amid the proud display of forms so fair,
Of each fine tint the pencil can impart,
Nature with rapture seem'd to lead her there,
To prove how she *could triumph over Art*.

I. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

1807.

Feb. 19.—Curfew (first time] Anatomist.
21. Ib.—Devil to pay.
23. Ib.—Tekeli.
24. Ib.—Emily — Virgin unmas'kd.
26. Ib.—My Grandmother.
28. Ib.—Tekeli.
March 2. Ib.—Weathercock.
3. Ib.—Tekeli.
5. Ib.—Weathercock.
7. Ib.—Tekeli.
9. Ib.—Weathercock.
10. Ib.—Tekeli.
12. Ib.—Young Hussar (first time)
14. 16. 17. Ib.
19. False Alarms—Ib.
21. Travellers—Citizen.

With the exception of the *Curfew*, of which we have given a full account in a preceding page, the only New Piece produced at this theatre is the *Hussar*, an operatic entertainment, by Mr. Dimond. It is evidently from a French original, and is so far unfortunate, that, besides its being unskilfully adapted to our stage, it follows, though at an immeasurable distance, incidents of a similar nature, already more forcibly, and more interestingly represented in the *Escapes* and *Tekeli*. The dialogue is tedious and trite. The musick by Kelly, like his other compositions, is simple and pleasing, and the duet between Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bland extremely spirited; but in general the airs were rather heavy, and what is remarkable on a first night, not one of them was *encored*. The *Hussar* was performed by Mr. Elliston, who plays too incessantly for his fame. Mrs. Mountain looked, sung, and acted charmingly.

A Melo-Drame by Mr. Monk Lewis, called The *Wood Dæmon*; or, *The Clock has Struck*; and a Comedy by Mr. Cherry, are expected very shortly.

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 21. Wheel of Fortune.
23. Richard III.
24. Jealous Wife.
26. Tempest.
28. Every Man in his humour.
March 2. Oroonoko.
3. Man of the World.
5. Tempest
7. Hamlet.
9. Richard III.
10. Town and Country (first time) Quaker.
12. 14. 16. 17. 19. 21. Town and Country.

*** Except on the first night of the new Comedy, Mother Goose was acted on all the above nights.

The comedy of the *Town and Country*, of which some slight mention is made in another department, and the popular pantomime of Mother Goose, have brought crowded houses to every night's performance. The *golden eggs* are gathering into the treasury in prodigious quantities.

A grand Ballet or Melo-drame (we know not which) is in preparation against Whitsuntide. The subject is from the *Fairy Tales*. Mr. Cherry has an opera at this theatre; Mr. Allingham, a farce; and the Honourable Mr. Lamb, an operatic drama, called *Whistle for't*, which has been acted once or twice at Lord Abercorn's private theatre.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—The beautiful Mrs. Orger continues to delight us as an actress in lively singing characters, she, like many of the old company, having contrived to make up matters with the manager, after their quarrel. Notwithstanding her great merit, which I feel happy in declaring, I cannot help remarking deficiencies which I trust she will endeavour to remedy. Her enunciation is quick, snappish, and consequently indistinct; hence in ballad singing, notwithstanding the sweetness of her tones, a defective articulation too often renders her unintelligible. Her action and deportment, in consequence of repeated tossings of the head, and sudden jerkings of the body, are often girlish and ungraceful; and hence she appears at times even aukward, notwithstanding the captivating vivacity, and fascinating gaiety she can so well exhibit, and these joined to one of the loveliest figures and faces in the universe. When she has attained a more dignified, or a more respectable deportment, an articulation less varied and rapid, and action more graceful, more impressive and more varied, she will be an excellent actress. The gifts of nature, however lavishly bestowed, are not alone sufficient to the theatrical candidate——The wild rose wastes its sweetness unnoticed or disregarded; cultivated by art it becomes the ornament of the garden, nature's proudest boast, and the object of universal admiration and desire.

In dignified tho' elegant deportment, spiritedness and sprightliness of action and manner, *Dwyer* (at the head of our comedians) yields to few in Britain. In certain characters—Belcour, Charles, Wilding, &c. I really think him, (when in the humour to do them justice) almost equal to any on the British boards.——He is not however at all times equal, or rather, *will* he always attempt to be so.

Evatt, a sound actor, always perfect, unremitting in his attention to professioual duties, and filling respectably an almost universal range of characters, continues more and more to gain ground in the public estimation. Knox is turning out a tolerable actor, and a more than tolerable singer: Shaw's uncommon accuracy and judgement as a singer would entitle him to the attention of any audience in Britain.

Notwithstanding a short, squab, dumpling like figure, a face broad, round, and capacious as that of a full fed jolly son of the whip, with, a coarse loud voice, Berry possesses such flexibility of features and powers of imitation as frequently to procure the applause of the galleries, and even at times to extort a smile from the boxes. He seems to have a pretty acute perception of the ridiculous, and in dress and appearance and in manner (indeed the judgement he shews in these augur very favourably of his understanding) can depict to admiration, the broad grin of ideotism, and the most marked distortions of vulgarity. He copies the comic grimaces of Munden, and the laughable whimsicalities of Fawcett so well, as to appear original to those who are unacquainted with those eminent performers: to the *pathos*, however, which they can so well assume, he is totally a stranger. Hence he *burlesques* many characters, by substituting or mistaking for real feeling his own distortions: hence in Job Thornberry, particularly in the great scene, he appears as a mimic taking off some favourite actor, in the broadest style of caricature. His seamen, however, feeling excepted, are from his judgment in dressing, and looking the character, pretty respectable. Indeed on seeing him perform these and similar characters with effect (no matter whether he imitates or not) we are apt to think that some *management* has been used to induce him to *mount* others, in which he is necessarily ridiculous. On seeing such a round squab figure with such a face and voice, decked out as a fop, with ribbons and nosegays, frisking and capering, or rather rolling about the stage, we are irresistibly led to think of the aukward gambols of the jackass imitating the spaniel, by jumping upon and caressing his master. But he is an acquisition to a *country* company, being an excellent buffoon, a good mimic, and of course well adapted for a number of *low* comic parts, which he makes in *his* way a treat to the galleries. But as I consider, with Churchill, the whole merit of mimics to consist in *distortion*; as I view a low comedian who either has not, or never displays original powers, and who is incapable of feeling, as only a respectable *jack pudding*, it cannot be expected that the merits of Berry should find in me a warm admirer. (It is but fair to state, however, that there are others whose opinions differ much from mine respecting this little son of the comic muse.) I confess, indeed, I would almost in every case dispense with gallery courtiers in legitimate comedy, and consign them to farce, or farcical plays, without much regret. While they, though in the most paltry character of the piece, are as usual capering about the stage, thrusting themselves prominently forward, making mouths to their gallery friends, and to make themselves noticed by them, using all the tricks of a scaramouch; this too in the most interesting pieces,—the unity of the scene is totally broken, the grouping of characters spoiled, stage effect destroyed, and the progress of passion wholly interrupted. I cannot close my letter without testifying my approbation *generally* of Rock's Sir Peter Teazle, and my admiration, not unmingled with surprise, of the pathos displayed by him in the scene (the screen one) with Joseph Surface.

VERUS.

GLASGOW.—On the 24th of December last, this theatre opened for the winter season, and I regret to say with a company but very *mediocre*, indeed the greater part of the new *levies* possess fewer stage requisites than their predecessors, and for several characters, such as *Dan*, *Tyke*, &c. we have no representative at all. Neither (with the exception of Mr. Dwyer, whose negligence and defects are great) have we a *genteel* comedian. No doubt Messrs. Megget and Archer are a valuable acquisition to the company, but then both their abilities appear to most advantage in what is called the heavy line of business, and of course neither of them are fit to represent the *accomplished* gentleman. In consequence of Mr. Hollingsworth possessing a little round figure, similar to Mr. Rock's, he has been, it is said, dismissed, because the stupid multitude, frequently mistaking one of these gentlemen for the other, *foolishly* bestowed their applause! In the characters of low comedy, Berry continues to be the darling of the public; but Mr. Rock has usurped *Nipperkin* and some other parts of his. In justice no manager ought to be an *active* performer. On all occasions when company is expected at the theatre, we uniformly found Mr. Rock assuming the principal character in both play and farce. Some of these he performs with much credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the public; others he entirely burlesques. His low Irishmen are in general good, but then he is so greedy of applause—to him it is like meat and drink—he must have it. Let the character he what it may, his usual tricks must be played off, viz. turning up his eyes to the *Gods*, pulling up his small cloaths—turning himself from the audience and twirling his fingers behind his back *ad captandum vulgus*. These he finds never fail to produce, from *above*, a thunder of applause.

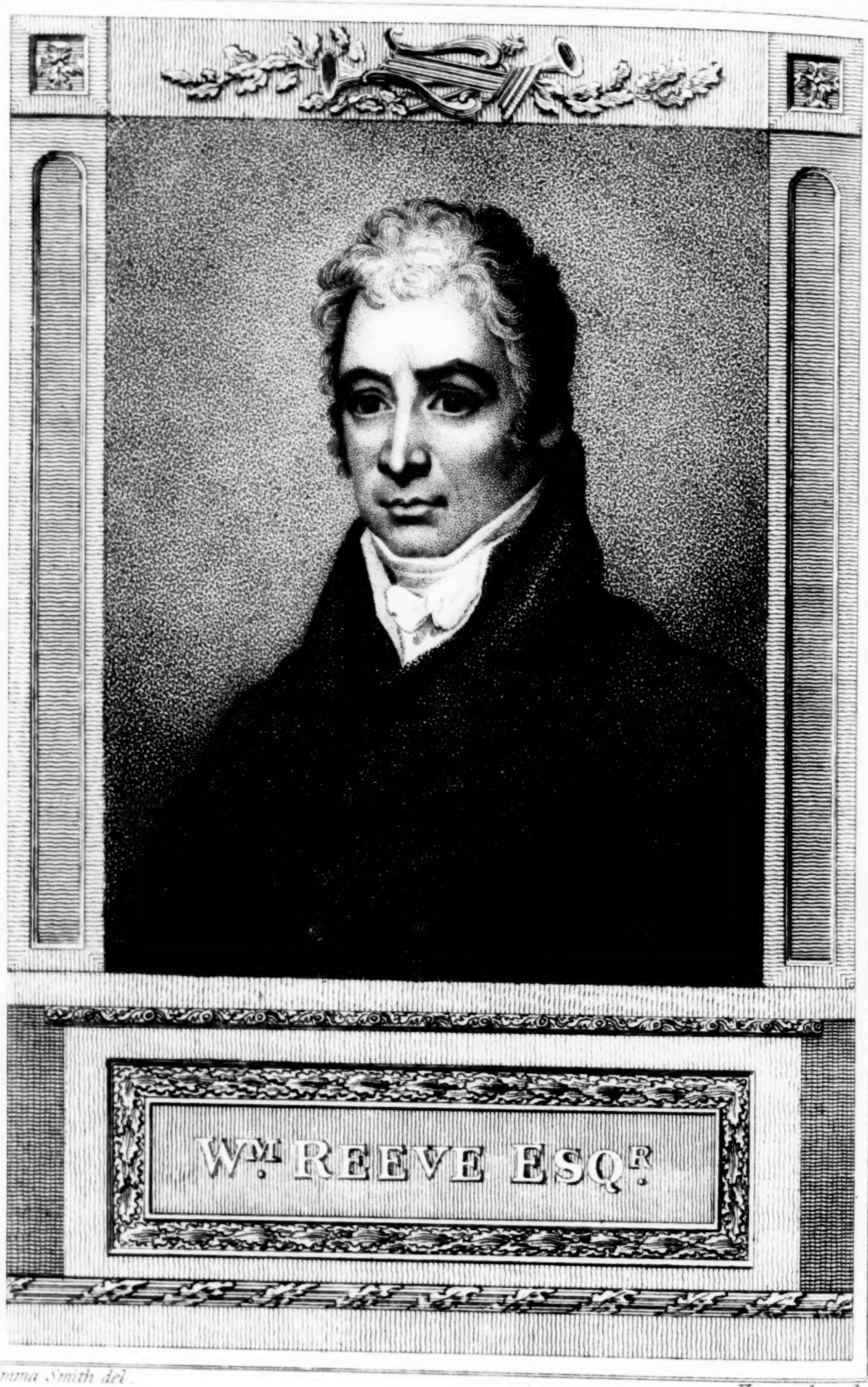
The female department is also, still very defective. The accomplishments of Mrs. Young (late of Drury Lane) as an actress are too well known to require any eulogium from me. LYNX.

GLASGOW, *Feb.* 1807.

ITALIAN OPERA.

In the new Opera of *Il Retorno di Serse* Madame Catalani has much increased her reputation, deservedly high as it was before. The part she performs, is admirably calculated for the display of her transcendant, we may say unrivalled talents as a Vocal Actress In the songs, and in the accompanying Action and Expression she produces the most powerful dramatic Effect. Her first Song is a most beautiful composition, and her Execution of it is beyond all praise. She enters fully into the spirit of her Character; but in the second Act, when her despair is wrought to the greatest height, she exerts her voice so much beyond its natural power, that we can scarcely distinguish the sound she produces from a scream. Her manner here is highly characteristic, but it exceeds all the musical bounds which should be preserved in an Opera. It is certainly surprising, but it does not please, and the natural compass of her voice is fully competent, without "straining *harsh discords* and *unpleasing sharps*," to the most violent expression of the passions.

On the whole our admiration of her talents is carried to a much higher pitch, from her performance in this Opera, which we sincerely think has never been equalled, and will never be excelled.



Emma Smith del. *Hopwood sculp*

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